

**THE RUNAWAY** A New Novel By **KATHLEEN NORRIS**

June 4, 1938

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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

5¢ A COPY



**The Sweepstakes Ticket**

JUNE 4, 1938

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**IT HAS ALL 3 ESSENTIALS**  
for **SAFE** storage of Meats!



## The **MEAT-KEEPER**, exclusive Westinghouse feature, keeps meat safe and healthful *for days longer!*

Biggest improvement ever made in home refrigeration of meats! *For the first time* in any home refrigerator, you may now have the three essentials for proper meat preservation! (1) Temperature — it's located directly under the froster. (2) Humidity — it is covered and scientifically vented. (3) Air Circulation — raised rack provides air space underneath meat. You can store up to 10 pounds of steaks, chops, or roasts in the Meat-Keeper and be sure they'll keep safe, fresh, wholesome. The new 1938 Westinghouse Kitchen-proved Refrigerator gives you many other improvements like the glass-top Humidrawer, Super-capacity Froster, Zoned Temperature Regulator, and the improved Economizer Sealed-in Mechanism...with savings and performance results in 102 Home Proving Kitchens certified and notarized.

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*Kitchen-proved savings in*  
**FOOD**

The 1938 Westinghouse Refrigerator is your budget's best friend. You save by buying perishable foods in larger quantities... also by making better use of leftovers. In 102 Westinghouse Home Proving Kitchens these combined savings average...

**\$910 A MONTH**

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**SHOPPING TRIPS CUT IN HALF**

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**MONEY**

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**10 HOURS OUT OF 12**  
IT USES NO CURRENT AT ALL

*Get Personal Proof*

Your nearest Westinghouse Refrigerator dealer has notarized facts and figures on Kitchen-proved Savings in homes like yours. Find his name in your classified telephone directory under "Refrigerators, Electric." Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

# Westinghouse *Kitchen-proved* Refrigerator

EVERY HOUSE NEEDS WESTINGHOUSE



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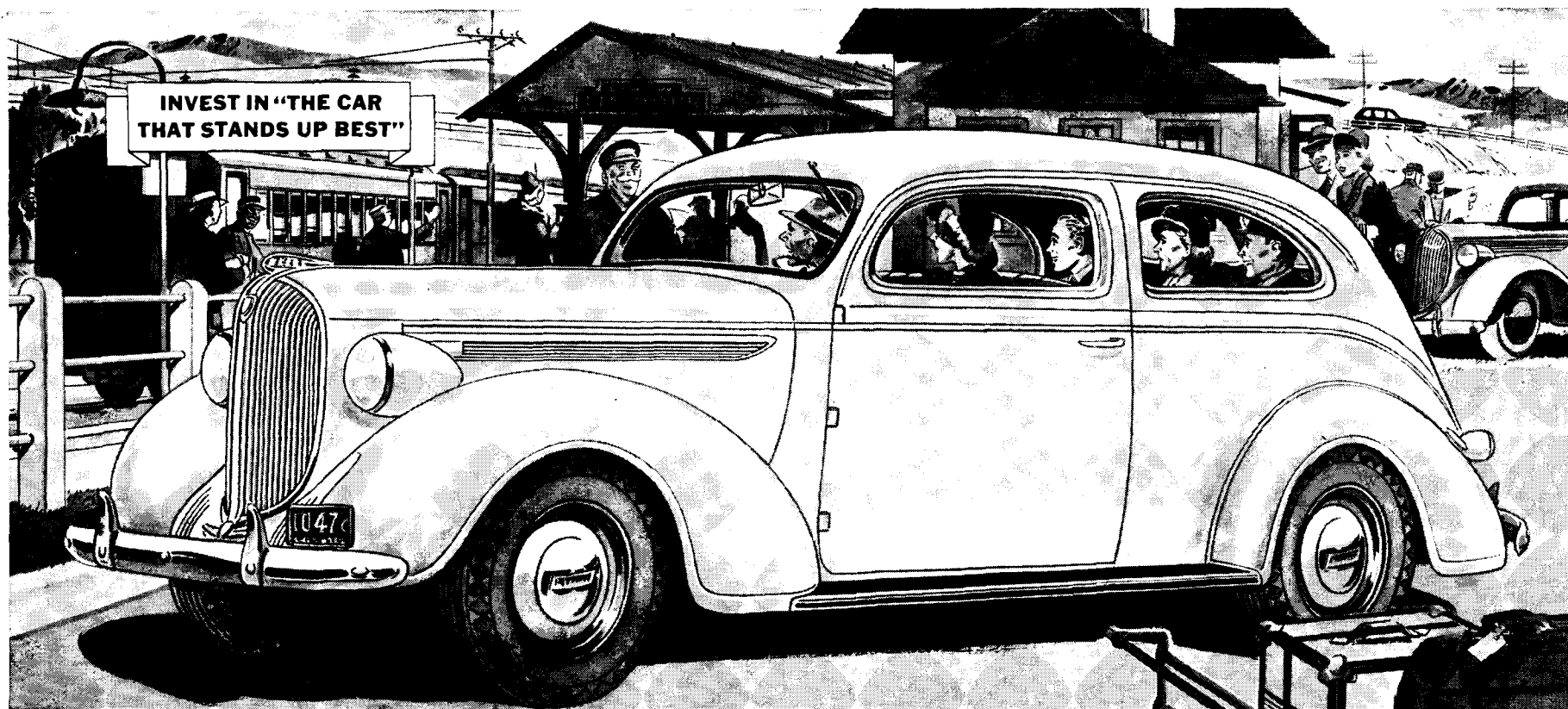
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**IN PERFORMANCE** All Plymouth models have the same big, 82-horsepower, "L-head" engine, which is famous for giving full-powered performance as well as amazing economy.

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**IN ECONOMY** Plymouth's 4-ring pistons, full-length water jackets, valve seat inserts, Hypoid rear axle, Floating Power engine mountings give greater economy and longer life. Owners report 18 to 24 miles on gas.

**EASY TO BUY** Your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price... with the balance in surprisingly low monthly instalments. See your nearby Plymouth dealer today.



PLYMOUTH  
"Roadking" \$685  
5-PASSENGER SEDAN

—"Detroit delivered price," including front and rear bumpers and bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cubic feet). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at \$645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Plymouth prices INCLUDE ALL FEDERAL TAXES. State, local taxes not included. Convenient time payments. Telephone your nearby Plymouth dealer today. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9-10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS THE "ROADKING" THE "DE LUXE"

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# Collier's

June 4, 1938

**WALTER DAVENPORT** Politics  
**AIMEE LARKIN** Distaff  
**ROBERT MCCORMICK** Washington  
**W. B. COURTNEY** Transportation  
**KENNETH LITTAUER** Fiction  
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**WM. O. CHESSMAN** Art

**DENVER LINDLEY** Articles  
**FRANK D. MORRIS** Articles  
**JAMES N. YOUNG** Fiction  
**FOR THOMAS** Photographs  
**MAX WILKINSON** Fiction  
**JIM MARSHALL** The Orient  
**OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN** Associate Editors

## Next Week

PETER FINNEGAN'S family were the people of Hell's Corners. They were all the family he had found time to acquire. But no one could say that he hadn't had time to get acquainted with them. For ten years he had been their judge, jury and mediator in all personal matters. That's what made him so sore when he was replaced by a radio car. Leslie T. White shows you how the "Flatfoot" went to bat again for his family.

WE'RE going to have a big Navy. Perhaps the biggest in the world. It will cost us a lot of money and it will be very impressive. But how good will it be? That will depend on a number of things but principally on the men who design and build the equipment and on the way the Navy is managed. And that leaves a good deal to be desired. "I say flatly that our Navy organization is bungling and unworkable and ridiculously expensive." The man we quote knows what he is talking about. He spent fifteen years as a naval officer and ten more building ships for this country and several others. He is Lieutenant Commander Holden A. Evans. Next week he explains in detail what is wrong with "Our Muscle-Bound Navy."

ORDINARILY Deadpan couldn't trust anybody because of the reward out for him. And therefore nobody could trust Deadpan. But he could trust Bud, and he did. And Bud was consequently on top of the world. At twenty-two it was pretty swell being "Front Man" for Deadpan. It was—until Rose got mixed up in it. The story is by Will F. Jenkins.

REMINGTON BROOKE got two grand a week in Hollywood as a writer, and as a writer there was just one thing wrong with Mr. Brooke—he couldn't write. We don't mean that he couldn't write well. He couldn't write at all. Whenever he put words together they fell right apart again. It was very trying for Mr. Brooke but it didn't diminish his reputation. In "Hollywood Ghost," Budd Wilson Schulberg (himself a Hollywood writer) shows you what came of this combination of deceit and conceit.

"LOOKING You in the Eye," by Hannah Lees, gives the latest medical news about things optical. Ernest Haycox, Frank J. Taylor, Katharine Roberts, Mignon G. Eberhart, Edith M. Stern, Kathleen Norris, Freling Foster and others provide spice and variety.

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**COVER**

JARO FABRY

## Any Week

DUE to her apparently endless and fruitless labor pains, Detroit paid little or no attention to a recent movement to wrench some of her policemen away from the department's switchboard and send them back to (of all things!) patrolling the streets. We have the details here in a letter from Miss Mary Kloblec. Miss Kloblec tells us that in a selfish effort to save the taxpayers a dollar or two (probably a Communist plot) it was suggested that the policemen telephone operators be supplanted by young women. The lads, enjoying the rank of patrolmen, receive a patrolman's pay—\$2,640 a year. Girls could be hired for \$1,740 a year. Moreover, they could say, "Detroit Police Department, good morning," much more sweetly, although some of the boys do a pretty neat job of it. "Anyway," reports Miss Kloblec, "we gals didn't get the jobs. Several leaky reasons were advanced for keeping the Hello Boys in Blue at the switchboard. But the best one was that police operators have to listen to a lot of things no girl should know about. All I have to say is that if those heroic flatfeet ever have to listen to anything we gals haven't heard after a few years at private and public switchboards, the Society to Prevent Cop Corruption ought to get busy."



OF COURSE the Detroit Police Department may have medical aid handy when the going gets rough at the switchboards. Personally we'd rather be where we are and not have to listen. We're not as young as we used to be and can't take it with the same old nonchalance. For example, we don't know whether we'll be able to go to Mr. Grover Whalen's World's Fair in New York next year. We dropped in at Mr. Whalen's paneled bower just to see how things were getting along. Mr. Whalen said that his guess was that the first view of his fair was going to make visitors gasp. "In fact," said Mr. Whalen, "I shall be disappointed if we don't have to keep a large supply of smelling salts on hand."

SO WE probably won't go. Anyway, we may still be busy helping solve Papa Moneta's serious problem. Some time ago we published an article about Papa Moneta's restaurant. Papa was so pleased that

he ran from newsstand to newsstand buying Collier's until he had almost three hundred. We knew nothing of this until Papa called us up. He had wanted to send those copies back to Italy to show his old friends how famous he had become. Alas, in that same issue there was a piece about the great Benito, Italy's boss-man, and Papa was informed that, containing such criticism of Il



Duce, the magazine could not enter Italy. Whereat, it was suggested that Papa send only those pages that extolled his spaghetti. But Papa said it wouldn't look right. Then we suggested that he cut out the pages in which Mussolini was referred to in less than reverent phrases. But no. This would not do because Papa's friends would then devote the time they should be giving to his article to wondering what had been cut out. And, unless they knew, they would grow very indignant and Papa would lose a lot of old friends. So we're still struggling with Papa's predicament and can promise nothing.

MOREOVER, we are informed by Mr. Douglas C. Cormack of New York City that even the boys and girls who are being bathed in education at Louisiana State University are growing a bit restive under the ministrations of Washington. Mr. Cormack happened to be on the L. S. U. campus while Mr. Secretary Wallace was telling them about the impending Utopia in which the American farmer is about to live by virtue of a law no farmer understands. The boys and girls didn't seem to catch on. Not only did their attention wander but they heckled Mr. Wallace a bit. Whereat, Mr. Wallace shouted that they'd better listen because the government was paying for their education. At that one of the lads raised his hand and piped: "Yes, sir, and please who is paying for the government?"

YOU may have noticed in this department the cartoons of the capable Mr. De Zayas. Anyway, Mr. D. L. Ward of Timber Ridge, Virginia, has. Asks he: "Are these long-nosed, pot-bellied, distorted, ungainly and ugly drawings pictures of your editorial staff?"

THE flatterer.

W. D.

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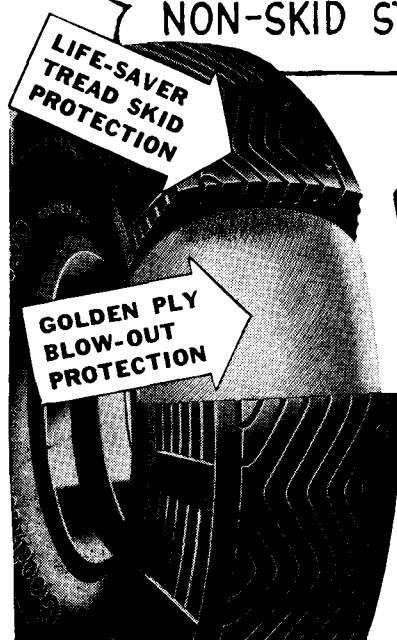


# No Extra Cost

## FOR GREATEST SKID PROTECTION YOU'VE EVER SEEN!



TESTS BY THE IMPARTIAL PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY PROVE THAT THIS NEW KIND OF TIRE GIVES YOU QUICKER NON-SKID STOPS THAN TIRES PRICED UP TO 70% MORE!



JUST one skid is usually enough to put the fear of wet, slippery roads into any motorist's heart. But here's a *new kind* of tire that makes wet weather driving *safer* than you ever dreamed possible—a tire that changes the rain-drenched road under your car from a "skid trap" to a *dry track*! It's the new Goodrich Silvertown Tire with the Life-Saver Tread!

### How It Works

Next time it rains just notice the way your windshield wiper sweeps the water right and left to give you clear, safe vision. Pretty efficient little mechanism,

isn't it? Well, that's how the amazing Life-Saver Tread on the new Goodrich Silvertown Tire performs on a wet road. In fact, the Life-Saver Tread acts like a whole battery of windshield wipers. It sweeps the water right and left—forces it out through the *deep* drainage grooves—makes a *DRY TRACK* for the rubber to grip—giving you the *quickest* non-skid stops you've ever seen!

And when you can get this real life-saving skid protection, *plus* Golden Ply protection against high speed blow-outs AT NO EXTRA COST why gamble on tires? See your Goodrich dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store about equipping *your* car with these new Silvertowns with the Life-Saver Tread. Remember—*when it rains they stop!*

### READ THE REPORT

from America's Largest Independent Testing Laboratory

"BOTH regular, and also the premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers were submitted to a series of exhaustive road tests made over a three months' period by us, to determine their resistance to skidding and wear, with the following results:

"NON-SKID—The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested, including those tires listed at from 40% to 70% higher in price.

"MILEAGE—The Goodrich Silvertown gave more non-skid mileage than any of the other tires tested in its own price range—averaged 19.1% more miles before the tires wore smooth.

"BLOW-OUT PROTECTION—Despite the severe nature of these tests, no Silvertown blew out, or failed from any cause, while two tires of other makes failed."



PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY

# The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

SKID PROTECTION OF LIFE-SAVER TREAD ◆ ◆ ◆ GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION



**BON VOYAGE**

**WEEK-ENDS**

*These  
Jubilant June  
Days*

*The  
Thing to  
do—*

**FATHER'S DAY**

*Give  
Whitman's  
Chocolates*

**ANNIVERSARIES**



**The SAMPLER . . \$1.50**

—finest box of candy, anywhere—nut, fruit, caramel, cream, nougat and other famous centers—good things from the four corners of the world. 17-oz. Sampler has 100 pieces—35 varieties—\$1.50. Also 2, 3 and 5 lbs.

**The FAIRHILL . . \$1.00**

Delightful variety of captivating confections in a beautiful package make this the outstanding box of candy at its price. 1 lb.—\$1.00. Also 25c, 50c, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$5.00 sizes.



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## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A lost person does not walk in a circle because one leg is longer or stronger than the other. Such an act is due to some faulty steering instinct. In hundreds of tests made with blindfolded swimmers, motorists and aviators, all traveled in spiral paths while trying to maintain a straight course.

Although Memorial or Decoration Day originated in 1868, many states did not observe it for decades. It did not become a legal holiday in Arkansas until 1937 and it still is celebrated only by proclamation in Texas. Furthermore, the dates vary from April 26 to June 3.—By Blanche Taylor, West Duxbury, Massachusetts.

The only single piece of literature that practically founded a language is Dante's "Divine Comedy," which he wrote in Italian sometime between 1300 and 1321. Before this time, Italian was considered so crude and vulgar that it was rarely employed. Dante's epic poem, forsaking Latin, started the Italian language on its way to its present perfection and use.

The Museum of the Botany of Ancient Hebrew Literature and Arab Plantlore in Jerusalem is the only establishment in the world that specializes in plants mentioned in the Bible and the Talmud and makes researches into this flora's biological and philological aspects.

Although for centuries dogs have been man's helpers, companions and faithful friends, a vast number of people still look upon them with loathing and aversion. They are mentioned contemptuously in the Bible, and the word dog continues to be used in many languages as one of the most degrading terms.

About 200 years ago, John Bartram, an eminent botanist, discovered a strange flowering tree in a Georgia forest and named it "Franklinia" in honor of his fellow Philadelphian, Benjamin Franklin. To this day, no one has ever found another tree of this species growing in a wild state in North America or any other part of the world.—By Burt W. Hardenbrook, Bennington, Vermont.

Of the 10,000 victims of fires in the United States each year, many have died needlessly through not realizing that the hot, gaseous fumes have a much larger radius of danger than the blaze itself; and that one good breath of the gas, inhaled even far from the fire, may result in quick asphyxiation. In several cases, people have been suffocated in apartments ten stories above the flames.

Boulanger's Restaurant, which opened in Paris in 1765, was the first dining establishment to offer a choice of foods and liquors. Previously, the only public eating places were coffee houses and taverns, serving "regular" meals at a common table at a fixed time and price. Parisians so enjoyed eating when and what they liked that, by 1810, the city had more than 125 restaurants, one of which served 197 meat dishes.

As Manhattan, the main section of New York City, is an island with land too costly for railway yards, most of the freight cars of the twelve railroads that serve it arrive and depart on harbor craft, which comprises more than 1,500 car floats, lighters, tugs and barges, and represents an investment of \$50,000,000.—By Marion Chesney, Pelham, New York.



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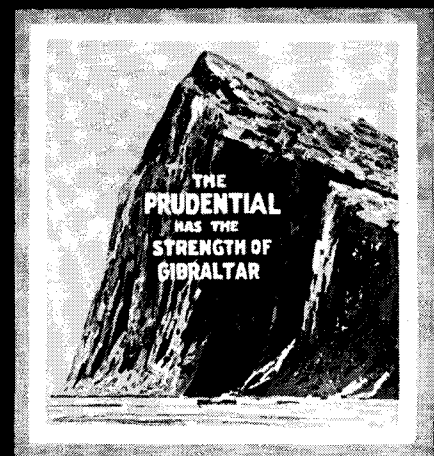
His insurance  
her protection  
*through many  
happy years*

The Prudential

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President*

*Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.*





"I WANT A  
TELEPHONE IN  
THIS HOUSE!"



"SUPPOSE I get sick? After all, I'm only human. And if I do get a touch of colic . . . or have a nervous breakdown . . . do you know what'll bring it on? Worry! Yes, sir, worrying about how long it would take us to get the doctor if anything should happen.

"Or suppose a pipe bursts in the bathroom? Or a burglar comes along? When something like that happens you don't write a letter, or go after help on horseback. No, sir. You hop to a telephone!

"And what about my mother? She's got marketing to do. She has to take advantage of the bargain sales. Sometimes she needs to get in touch with Dad during the day. And there are errands to be run. Well, she can't do all those things without a telephone . . . and at the same time give me the attention I expect.

"All Dad needs to do to have a telephone is get in touch with the Business Office. I'd do it myself if I could just get out. But I can't. So is it any wonder that worry is keeping me awake half the day?"

B E L L T E L E P H O N E S Y S T E M







Beginning the story of a girl who had to answer the question: Shall I or shall I not stand by the worthless man whom I have married?

Becky looked up quickly from her study. A man had come out of the woods and was standing looking at them. "Hello. Any water 'round here?" he asked. He was a stranger—a handsome, well-groomed fellow

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SARAH GIBSON was one of the fortunate women to whom life never became tiresome. She could be cross, she could be doubtful and disappointed and worried, and she was often tired. But hers was a heart that awakened every fresh day to a sense of excitement and satisfaction. Her alarm clock always rang too soon, arousing her from deep dreamless slumber, but the moment she was on her feet life seized upon her with a thousand plans and prospects, and she welcomed them all.

The creak of the old back stairs as she somewhat heavily descended them to the kitchen, the thunder of the children's voices and feet above her, the feel of the dew-wet newspaper when she picked it up from the side porch, the good scent of coffee and fresh toast, the cat yawning and stretching with a cat's invariable morning cry of reproach and self-pity, all these things satisfied some need of Sarah's, deep in her soul, and never grew uninteresting.

Sometimes there was snow on the mountaintops a few miles away from her windows, and she looked at it with appreciation. "I declare I do love snow, now and then!" she would say to herself. Sometimes it was only frost, with the cold winds of a California mountain winter blowing the children's shabby toys about the yard, rattling branches, fluffing up the feathers of the offended and uncomfortable poultry. Sometimes summer brought blazing days to her seven-o'clock kitchen, and she and Anita drew shades and watered down the porches and the yard. But loveliest of all, and lingering longest of all were spring and autumn, the thrilling clear season when lilacs rustled and grass spurted in emerald everywhere, when larks swooped down and pear trees lifted pale green turrets against blue skies, or the mellow, softer days when the air thinned to crystal, and the trees were red, when apples and persimmons and pumpkins were ripe, and through the hazy blue moun-

tains drifted the fragrant smell of brush fires.

And these were the times when Sarah's heart sang within her, and her round healthy face wore a look of complete felicity from morning until night. She liked the part in which life had cast her; she played it to the full. No Hollywood actress ever enjoyed more an exquisite wardrobe than Sarah enjoyed her crisp gingham, her old velvet for winter evening wear, and the new flowered georgette gown, in a comfortable size forty-four, that she bought, with a wide flower-wreathed hat, every spring for church and club wear.

Her world was a world of small incessant services eagerly, enthusiastically, incessantly rendered. It was not a wide world, but she would not have exchanged it for any other known to man. She planned meals, she cooked meals, she did ingenious things with leftovers; she fussed with lamps and bathtub faucets and



boys' shirts; she fed chickens, watching them sharply as they pecked and gabbled and jumped senselessly into the air over the battered old pan; she mothered all the dogs and cats that the boys brought home.

The pivotal point in her scheme of life was of course Spencer Gibson. A gray, quiet, kindly man of fifty, whose entire business life was spent in the oil-scented, coffee-scented, wheat-scented atmosphere of the town's big hardware, grocery and general store, "The Middle Valley Exchange." Spencer was to her everything a husband and father should be. He settled her problems, listened to her daily tales of affairs domestic, read her important items from the paper at night, adored his children, paid his bills, and thought "Mom" the most important and admirable person alive.

They had five children; Rebecca, the one daughter, was nineteen. The boys followed at some distance; Robert was fourteen, Spin twelve, Andy nine, and Gary just short of six. They had come to the San Joaquin Valley when Becky was a baby; all the children's remembered lives had been spent here where the little town perched at the foot of the great mountains.

Salletts had been a mining town seventy years earlier; the great shafts and the blackened buildings of the mine and enormous heaps of stones dredged out of the Plumitas still fenced off the eastern boundary of the town. Now it was a rich agricultural center with olive, grape and orchard interests, and enough pasturage for occasional cows and plow horses. Like every other California town, it had a handsome grammar school and a beautiful new union high, built like an enormous hacienda, with arcades and cloisters and tiled roofs to set off the adobe walls and the drooping eucalyptus trees and wide-spread oaks of its great yard.

Spencer Gibson had come to Salletts to buy a farm. He and his wife with the bright-headed little girl had looked the place over with an intent to criticize and compare it with other possible locations. But their instant capitulation had furnished them with an inexhaustible family joke. They had criticized nothing; from the moment of their descent from the train, their first look at the sleepy beauty, the peace and prosperity and comfort of Salletts, they had been reduced to a trembling fear only that they might not be able to live there, that money could not buy what they saw with their own eyes before them!

THE eastern line of blue high mountains, trembling in gauzy faintness against the sky, the fruit trees wheeling away from the town in every direction like lines of soldiers, as indeed they were in a hungry world, the oak-shadowed plain farmhouses with their windmills and barns and fences, the wide pool where the Plumitas joined the Sacramento, and where children happened to be splashing and shouting on the day the Gibsons arrived, all were so many arguments against every other place, every other climate, every other consideration.

Hardy Summers, real-estate agent, had thought they might like to see the old Foster place. Real pretty place; kinder run down. They had liked it—dubiously. Four hundred acres was a good big place, especially as practically none of it was under cultivation.

On the way home they had chanced to pass the Walldrew ranch, and its big sign: "Desirable Home Property. Self-supporting. Inquire Hardy Summers, Main Street, Salletts."

"Oh, Spence!" Sarah Gibson had said. And she had repeated it breathlessly for the next hour and seventeen minutes, and by that time they had owned the

Walldrew place. Hardy said surprisedly that he hadn't known they wanted to go as high as seven thousand; he could shave that, he thought, to six thousand seven hundred and fifty, but the Foster place was a better buy, if a feller wanted to work it, for three thousand.

The Walldrew ranch, to be known as the Gibson ranch from now on, boasted a comfortable old white house with electricity and bathroom already installed; it had a garden, neglected but quite capable of being saved; it had barns and chicken houses and a pigpen and a home orchard, and it had forty acres in apples and pears. There was a spring on the place, a rare advantage in California; and a windmill; sixty Plymouth Rocks and two Jerseys were actually there, and to be included in the price of sale. Spencer, who knew nothing of farming, had looked wisely at the machinery that was nicely stored in one of the barns; Sarah, who knew everything about chickens, had gone to the Exchange that very afternoon to buy wheat and bone meal.

She had been happy all her life; she would always be happy. But this afternoon stood out in her memory as one of ecstasy. In the big store, with its hundred-foot frontage on Main Street, women had been marketing for bread and sausages and sunbonnets and needles; awkward big men, down from the lumber camps and packing plants, had been buying high oiled boots, and blue jeans, and canned salmon. A neighborly, a friendly atmosphere had prevailed in the big dim place.

Sarah had come straight from a cramped flat in Brooklyn; she had dreamed of high mountains and cowboys, and chickens of her own to feed. They were all here, at Salletts. She had looked at egg-beaters and blue-striped ticking bungalow aprons, and thought that she must buy them all; she must go

back to the Walldrew place and see what was needed in her kitchen. She had stooped in the shadowy store and laid her face against Rebecca's little cheek. "Oh, Becky, we're going to have such fun!" she had exulted.

And it had been fun—the exciting fun of a woman's fulfilled life, of her satisfied heart, ever since.

SARAH was country-bred; she took naturally to farmyard and farm-kitchen activities. On the two hundred acres of the Gibson ranch there was a little tenant house, and when Spencer's qualifications had been proved to be clerical rather than agricultural, he had seized the chance to buy in at the Exchange, and Sarah had capably established a good Swedish farmer and his rosy-cheeked wife, Anita, there. They managed the ranch; Spencer did well with the store, and Sarah supervised them all.

Her sons had come along in regular order: big, tumble-headed, noisy boys who grew broad as they grew tall and delighted and a little scared her with their violence, their strength, their independence, their achievements. They had guns in their hands at five; they were somehow on top of the farm horses at six; and at nine Bob could leap into the tin-can open green car that was always spattered with mud when it was not inch deep in dust, and rattle into town for mail or for baking powder with all the confidence in the world. They went hunting, fishing, hiking; they dug caves and stifled themselves with smoke, and built tree houses and broke their arms and legs falling out of them. They had poison oak over scratches, and sunburn under both; they killed rattlers and brought them home, dead yet mysteriously wriggling, to horrify their mother and cause gentle blond Anita to lock herself in the pantry.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT





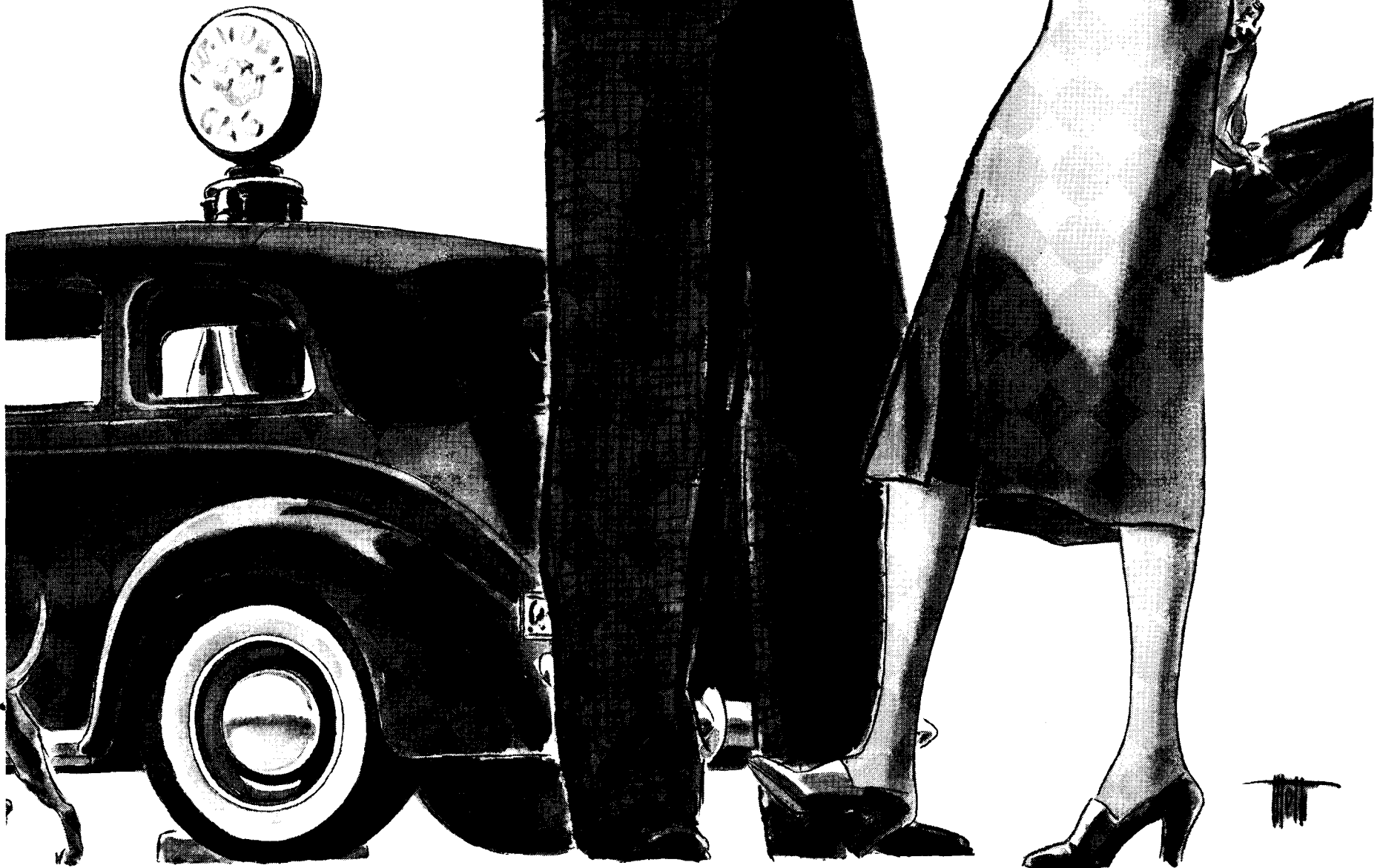
Rebecca was different. Where her brothers' black hair and red cheeks and blue eyes made them striking, she was a creature of one color: soft brown hair with gold lights, brown eyes that could look gold in shadow, brown soft skin all one delicate tan shade. Her lashes were dark gold; her wide mouth the only line of contrast anywhere.

She was tall, strongly and broadly built, with beautifully modeled chin and shoulders and firm young breasts, with narrow hips and fine ankles and wrists. Her forehead was well shaped, her eyes and cheekbones set well apart, and her mouth, if too large, full of humor and sensitiveness. There was a healthy down on her cheeks, so that a light fuzz could be detected when one saw them against a strong light. At nineteen she was health, vigor, high spirits, restless youth itself personified; clumsy, fastidious, moody, amusing, dull, keen in rapidly alternating moods. Sometimes she knew despairs that bewildered her mother; sometimes through a whole hot Saturday morning, when she had washed dishes and washed dish towels, washed her soft tawny hair, hosed the side porch, Sarah would hear her singing like a lark under the oaks and maples of the back yard, her brothers shouting and whistling as they pursued a hundred holiday chores around and about her.

SHE had fads, this Rebecca Gibson, and pursued them with energy, if only briefly. When younger she had gone in heavily for Persian kittens, and a modest sign on the gate had advertised that they were for sale. Then she had raised berries, writing the government bureaus in Washington for directions, working hard throughout the long vacation between the long fierce trailers of the vines. Rebecca had almost two hundred

(Continued on page 46)

"You live in Salletts, Miss Gibson?" "I teach in the kindergarten. Yes; my people live there. Dad's ranch is about three miles out of town." "Any chance of seeing you—say tomorrow?" The warm clear tan of her cheeks colored





# Wish You Were Here

By Aimee Larkin



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN  
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Use your own judgment about the ridgepole part, but up to the chronic rocking-chair era you'll have a much better time at the beach or the farm in these slacks and shirts

HAVING a feeling that you'd be bound at any moment for the beach or the farm, and desirous as always to be helpful, we called together some of our young friends and loaded our camera. You can see that we had a magnificent time even when we were fighting off the numerous crashers of both sexes who tried to horn in. If you simply can't stand it you may write to us and we'll divulge the sources of these clothes. Nothing's too much trouble so long as you're happy, though there are times—



Even with our figure we're a well-controlled riot in this flower-striped cotton play suit—four pieces, counting the bra and panties in which we swim. When we add a bolero jacket and a full gathered skirt we'll even have tea with you



At this stage the gals began to show off. Still you get some idea of what you'll look like—or think you'll look like—in a swim suit of elastic satin, wool or rubber. Never mind the gymnastics

Of course after three or four sets of tennis we won't look as fresh as these gals do. But we'll still look pretty ravishing. Short gored princess lines in sharkskin, zippered up the front, culotte dress with panel fore and aft, and shorts and shirt in white piqué. One guest forgot her shoes. Any fence will do

Presently we calmed them down enough to get one of them into a string sweater and a dotted, gored silk skirt (swell gadding-around clothes), and the other into a Gibson Girl (remember her, Ma?) canary-yellow and white shirtwaist. The horse and buggy are merely symbolic and superfluous



Never mind the guy on the right. Look at us in a long-sleeved Gibson of pale blue silk. We hate to call attention to ourselves, but the dress has a full-length coat of flowered cotton, lined with silk, all adding to that coy look

We're balanced on that sign simply to give you a better view of our slacks and reefer. Our swim suit's underneath. If we continue we won't have a secret left

Anyway, it's time we were on our way home. So we don our cotton dress in violent plaid and, not forgetting our hat, hope you have a lovely week end



# Too Many Men

By Charles Hoffman

ILLUSTRATED BY JARO FABRY

Love in sunlit California — where, apparently, the worst in men comes out quite easily



"Which one of you guys pushed me in?" Dick demanded. People all over the dining room turned. "Pushed you in? Why, imagine!" said Jay carelessly

WHEN we got down there, I didn't like it very well. I didn't like it very well when we started, but then I thought, "Well, hell, a lot of things get off to rather a dismal start, so maybe . . ." Anyway, it was such a superday, with the hills all green and the sky blue-white. It was windy, and everything tasted good.

Jay had been a little brownish when we picked him up. The valise he tossed in the rumble was brown, his topcoat was brown, his golf bag was brown. When he started to open the door, his face was brown.

"What's all the blond stuff?"

I said, "This is my sister."

"Where's she going?"

"With us," I told him, watching his frown deepen.

"But I thought we were going to write a play, Po."

"I sleep a lot," she said meekly, "and can make myself invisible at will."

He put his body in the car, and then his arms, and then he pulled his long legs in and slammed the door. We were just starting down bayshore when he began again.

"What's her name?"

I said, "Cassandra."

"Oh, no," he said, "it couldn't be."

"Well, that's what we've always called her in the family."

"I didn't mean that," he said quickly. "I mean, it couldn't be your sister."

"At night," I explained, "the freckles come off, and she gets tulle up."

At Carmel things were a little on the cypress side. We could see the point from our living room, and the sweep of beach, sand-white against the sea. There were some cracked dishes in the kitchen and enough bedding, and we gave Cassandra the little room up-

stairs and then I went and bought some pitch pine for the fire.

When I came back, Jay had drawn a stage and was putting chairs on it. He had spread himself, in white trunks, on a mattress in the loggia, his wide back brown and bare, his lean legs bare, too, and almost mahogany-colored.

"This is beginning to look like a resort already," I said. "Where's Cassandra?"

"Quite a long time ago she walked over there." He nodded his head, but in no particular direction. Then he rolled over and sat up.

"Why the women, Po?" The Po is for either Post or posthumous.

"Cassandra isn't 'the women,'" I said. "Why not? She can cook. We can use her for a gadget."

"Is this the one from that school?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "This is the one. She's bigger now."



That's why I didn't like it very well, but I should have known that that's the way it would be. In the first place, Jay had a very unfortunate experience with a girl named Clarice—a very unfortunate experience—and so, for all his wide shoulders, and no hips and lean face, which is all juts and shadows, he became a woman hater, which is a little difficult.

Now Cassandra is blond and fluffy. Not too fluffy, but enough so that green is a knockout on her, and blue makes her eyes star-colored, and in black, at night, she is what you form lines to see. Not frothy mentally, either. I mean, she can swing into Roosevelt or Mussolini or the Far East, or even Proust, with an eager facility. At least, that's what I used to think. Last summer, Jerry Bower broke his nose when he tried to copy her swan dive, and as recently as this month even, Peter Gillespie came back from a day's hike in Yosemite with her and went to bed for a week.

That afternoon we worked on our play, Jay and I. When the sun went down behind the house and spread slantwise, across the sea, we put on sweaters and turned out the lights and went out. The sky was wild with white stars, and cloudless, so that even the streets were silver-patterned through the trees. We walked along San Antonio to Ocean, and then up into town.

When we walked into the little red-and-white bar, Cassandra was sitting on one of the high round stools, with a sandy-looking fellow, big-handed, broad-shouldered. We sat down at a table behind them, but Cassandra saw us in the mirror and she turned and smiled a little and said, "Oh, here we are."

In a little while, they got down off the stools and came over.

"This is Hoagy," said Cassandra.

I said, "Hello, Hoagy," but Jay just took the pipe out of his mouth for a minute, and then put it back and went on puffing.

Cassandra said, "If you're going to have dinner, we'll eat with you."

WE HAD had a good standard four-bit dinner. Cassandra kept up a babbling conversation, punctuated with a monosyllable now and then from Hoagy—who was a football player, it turned out, and liked swing music—and a grunt, once, from Jay.

When we got the check, Cassandra said brightly, "Oh, I forgot to tell you—Hoagy hasn't any money."

"That's too bad," muttered Jay, but I paid the check, and Hoagy took it all in stride, as it were.

Then we went out and stood on the sidewalk a minute, and finally Cassandra said, "Well, good night. Hoagy and I are going for a drive."

We watched them walk across the street and get in the car.

"I guess that means we walk home," said Jay.

"It's downhill," I pointed out.

We walked past a couple of art shops, and were crossing Carmelo, when Jay said suddenly, "I wouldn't let my sister cavort around with strange men."

"He's probably not strange," I assured him. "Cassandra knows hundreds of thousands. Besides 'cavort' is an extreme term."

"Well, just the same," he said, "it doesn't look good."

"All right," I said, "we'll tie her to a chair."

The next morning I got up early and went for a walk. It was almost nine when I got back and went through our garage and down the little stone steps. Jay was boiling some coffee in a pan on the stove. He had on his pajamas and his bathrobe, and his hair wasn't brushed at all—just a tangled mass above his sleepy eyes.

"Boy, bringing a cook along was certainly a brain-storm," he said sourly.

"All right," I said. "Go on."

"She didn't get in until three-thirty this morning."

"My!" I said.

We were out in the loggia again, counting our characters, when Cassandra wandered out in a bright yellow sun suit, looking very slim, and all golden-brown, her lips red, her eyes laughing.

"Well, good morning, Kaufman," she said to Jay.

I put my hand up against the sun and said, "See here, young lady. This has got to stop. This—this cavorting around with strange men."

She looked at me and then at Jay and then back at me again. "Hoagy's only a boy," she said, and stepped past us. "I'm going to Del Monte swimming. If you want me, send over a sea gull."

The way we write our plays is for me to make one of the characters talk, and Jay make another answer. Right after that, there at the second-act curtain, our heroine, Janet, said to the hero, "Well, that's that." (That was my line.) I looked at Jay, waiting for the quip from him that would bring down the curtain,

but he was following two ants along a crack in the pavement. "Well," I said again, "that's that."

He jerked his head up at me and then said, "Oh, nuts," and stood up.

"It's effective," I said, "only we'll have to rewrite the plot."

In a little while, Jay came out of the house with his bathing suit over his shoulder. "I'm going swimming," he said.

"It's about five miles," I pointed out, but Jay just sort of half said goodbye and left me.

I probably should have gone, because it must have been very amusing. Unfortunately, I can only guess what happened—by the look in Jay's eyes when he came home, and the way Cassandra laughed a lot and didn't pay any attention to him whatsoever, and the

"Is this Hoagy boy going to be a fixture?" asked Jay sourly, after they had gone.

"Look," I said, "you and I—we write plays. Cassandra can take care of herself."

Jay shrugged his shoulders and said, "You cook and I'll serve," and then he went out of the room. When I went in to set up the card table, he was standing at the window looking out at the Pacific.

Now there was a meal! Jay didn't say one word. Cassandra had quieted down a little, too. I felt rather peculiar inside, and Hoagy tried to carry on a conversation. But whenever he would say, "That Hardin of Washington State. Boy, there's a quarterback!" or, "Benny Goodman's trumpets. Boy, those are swing men!" Jay would look at me and things would stop.

Finally, just as I was opening a box of crackers to



"I'm going to Del Monte swimming," she said. "If you want me, send over a sea gull!"

way everything that was said from then on became more brittle and more clipped.

Anyway, Jay looked a little tired when he came back about five o'clock.

I SAID, "Welcome to Shangri-la," and he said, "Is there any more bourbon? I had to walk home."

"Where was Cassandra?"

"I didn't see her." I could tell by the way he didn't look at me that he was lying.

"What happened? Did she stay under water all the time?"

"I went over and went swimming," he said very definitely. "Then I came home."

In a little while, Cassandra came in with Hoagy in tow.

"If you give me some money," she said, "we'll go up and buy some things for dinner."

go with the cheese, he turned to Jay and said, "Look, misery, do I get in your hair?"

"That about sums it up," Jay said grimly.

"Well, then," said Hoagy, "let's go outside and get it over with."

Cassandra said, "Hoagy!" like that.

"Well," said Hoagy, "I'm getting tired of his sour expression."

"You're getting tired of my sour expression?" said Jay, emphasizing the possessive pronoun. "Why, listen, you third-string tackle, I'll . . ."

When the doorbell rang, I looked out of the window into the face of a policeman. "It's the law," I said to Cassandra.

She said, "That's too bad, because the seventh round is almost over."

The first one had been a draw, with the card table and one lamp being the (Continued on page 52)





## lean Sweep

**By Fred McDonald  
as told to  
Bob Considine**

**T**HERE'S a fairly good chance that I sold you the Irish Sweepstakes ticket that you're now showing to your friends with such a knowing air. But there's an extremely good chance that you haven't the faintest idea whether your ticket is genuine, or what on earth happens to your \$2.50 from the time you slip it furtively to a Sweep agent until it arrives—badly mangled—at the offices of Hospitals Trust, Ltd., 13 Earlsfort Terrace, Dublin.

If you're one of the 10- to 15,000,000 Americans who annually buy up sixty per cent of the world's supply of Sweep tickets, your chronic lack of success probably has made you appreciate that the odds against your winning a prize correspond roughly to your chances of being named emperor of Japan.

But did you know that the odds were as "close" as 1,000,000 to 1 *only* if your ticket successfully runs a gantlet during which it is exposed to the double menace of the U. S. government and the racketeers?

And that the odds are 2 to 1 against you that you cannot even buy a real ticket?

And that the operators of the Sweep definitely fix the Draw so that no section of this betting-mad globe is left out of the prize distribution? The fabulous gentlemen at 13 Earlsfort Terrace will take chances that would give a bucket-shop proprietor the jitters, but they will take no chances on the law of averages. "Of course we spread the prizes around," one of them told me in Dublin. "We've got to. If we didn't there would be millions of protests from the sections that were left out."

I've been in this eccentric business eight years. I guess I've broken every lottery law on the books of the Customs Office and the Post Office Department. And I hope to keep breaking them. It's not too easy to find a \$15,000-a-year job these days, with the boss 4,000 miles away.

Tell you how I got into it, how I came up from being an agent, the lowest job in the business, to the job of distributor. And how in time I hope to become one of the five U. S. wholesalers who average about \$150,000 a year in commissions for supplying me with the tickets which I, in turn, hand over to the butcher, the baker, the office boy and the elevator man.

The fee would be considerably larger if the Sweep didn't double-cross its own agents by permitting individuals in Ireland to send small batches of books to

**Top: Ann Lizt and Gertrude Leahy, chambermaids, hear they have won \$75,000. Below: Mildred Small shows her fiancé the letter telling of her luck**



relatives in America, or to a huge U. S. sucker list.

I was in Dublin, scot-free and living off Steel Common, when the crash came. I sent some cables to sell me out, but you can imagine how much attention they got. Anyway, I was flat in a day, and I guess I must have been too shocked to do anything about it, because I stayed right there with the cousins I was visiting.

One of them took me to the first, and only, Sweepstakes Draw I ever saw. That was in November, 1930, and the race they chose it on was the Manchester Handicap. Today the Draw is a kind of Mardi Gras, with big, gaudy floats, and the nurses who pick out the winning slips are dressed in weird getups. The Draw I saw, which was the first, was much simpler.

Up on the stage at Mansion House a huge steel boiler, with twenty small portholes—and filled with millions of Sweep stubs—revolved slowly on its stubby axles. Big electric fans blew air through the boiler, to give the stubs a better shuffle. The mixing process, as is the case now, went on for three days.

### The \$2,000,000 Grab Bag

At a sign from the chief of police of the Irish Free State the boiler was stopped. Two blind orphans from St. Joseph's Institute, one of the beneficiary hospitals, were led in. A porthole in the boiler was unlatched and the first boy, his sleeve rolled up to his armpit, stuck his hand into a kind of black silk purse-mouth, inside the tank, and brought out the first slip. The other kid picked the name of a horse, entered in the Manchester race, out of a much smaller cylinder. The chief of police saw that the two slips were joined, and properly recorded.

A little more than \$2,000,000 in prizes was drawn out of that big tube that afternoon, and a good half of them must have gone to Americans. I was at No. 13 Earlsfort the next morning, hat in hand, looking for an American agency. They were cordial but firm. I would have to prove myself. Yes, they would see that I got "a book or two" when I got back to the States, but there could be no thought of an immediate job as a distributor.

They sent me five books of tickets on the Grand National of 1931. I got them through the mail in Kansas City. Inside the plain envelope was a rough piece of white cardboard. On it, in ink, was printed:

A. MCTAGUE  
West One Beach  
Cobh, Ireland

(All returns to this address, by foreign money order.)

That made me an agent, and got me started on a job that remains almost as much of a mystery to me today as it was then. The sixty tickets in the five books were about as hard to sell as \$1-a-pint bonded whisky at that time. I could keep two of the 12 tickets in each book I sold, or take a \$5 commission for selling the book. I made \$25 on the five books. I bought an American Express foreign money order for \$125, made it out to myself, endorsed it and sent it with the stubs to my unseen, unknown friend in Cobh.

### A Contract to Break the Law

Three weeks later, just when I was deciding I should have kept the money, a small package of receipt slips arrived from Ireland. The deal had been consummated by means as ethereal as a puff of smoke. And I, a pretty important party to it, didn't know how.

By the time of the Derby Sweep of 1932, when the all-time high of \$14,-

302,760 was given away in prizes, I had become a distributor. To get that job I simply opened an imposing-looking letter one morning, and there was my contract. If I had torn it up and refused to lend my aid to breaking the country's lottery laws, it probably would have made no difference to the Sweep people. I didn't tear it, and I quote some of its salient features:

"We are prepared to allow you a special overriding commission of 10 shillings per book of 12 tickets distributed by you and sold provided your returns reach a minimum of 100 books for each event.

"You shall remit to us at the full rate of £5 sterling per book. In no case can we allow you to deduct commission at source. A statement of your account will be forwarded to you at the close of each event, together with a cheque covering the amount of the commission due.

"Books sent to you will bear your identification number—and you will receive credit only on books returned bearing that number.

"From a special source you will receive goods perforated with your number, and a copy of our private telegraph code, which, of course, is strictly confidential.

Yours faithfully,  
"P. P. Hospitals' Trust Ltd.  
"P. J. FLEMING"

Also enclosed was a bright little note, printed in red ink. It read:

#### WARNING

"Do not attempt to communicate in any way with the sender of your tickets. To do so may cause you serious embarrassment.

"Address all inquiries, requests, etc., to the Home Office."

### Postmarked "Ireland"

I began to worry a little about how obvious it was going to look to the Post-Office people when a packing case of lottery tickets, filled with Irish stamps, was delivered to my apartment. And I was still worrying about that one morning when the door buzzer sounded and a plain-looking citizen, with a foot-square package under his arm, inquired if I were Fred McDonald.

That isn't exactly my name, but before I could explain he handed me the package, and started for the elevator.

"Hey . . . just a minute. Where did these come from?"

He rang the elevator button. "I couldn't say, mister."

"But look. Ah . . . this name on the package. It isn't really mine."

"It's close enough, ain't it?" And down he went.

The tickets were inside—500 books of them. I put on some clothes and I guess I didn't take them off again until I had rounded up every friend and acquaintance I had, and pressed from one to ten books on each.

They got rid of my 500 books in ten days, with a willingness that made me begin to understand how this amazingly flimsy Sweep business manages to hold together.

There was still a full month to go before the stubs had to be in, and I figured I could get rid of 250 more books, if I could get them. So I went down to the Postal Telegraph office, thumbed through my code book, and picked out the third item on the sheet listed below:

#### SUPPLIES

(Code Word)

uzfva—Have not yet received goods for the . . .

uzfyd—Please send at once . . . books.

uzfze—Books on hand insufficient. Require . . . more.

uzgah—Have received . . . books. Require . . . more.

uzgbi—When will goods be issued for . . .

(Continued on page 55)



WIDE WORLD



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Top: Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Lipschitz of New York City, winners of \$75,000. Below: The Eaglesons held a ticket on Battleship. The result? \$150,000



# The Projeckin' Son

By Roark Bradford

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



When he gits money in his jeans  
He gits to eetchin' in de heel,  
And hones to ramble 'way f'm hyar.

Be not disencouraged.

Now, I'm fixin' to take my tex'  
Right f'm de Gospel er St. Luke  
And show you members whar you's  
wrong  
When y'all gits ramblin' on yo' mind.

Listen.

"A certain man had two sons—"  
What you reckon Old St. Luke mean  
When he go to all de pains  
To write dat fack in de Holy Word?

Courage, my soul!

'Way back yonder in de Book er Kaings  
Hit speaks of a man name Kaing Ahab  
Wid seventy-eight sons right in his  
house—  
And dat ain't countin' yard chilluns!

Ahab was a tush-hog!

Yit, dis certain man which Luke writ  
about  
Was jest like any natchal man.  
His oldest boy was smart and good,

Amen, church. Amen.

I can stand up hyar and feel  
What is in you members' mind,  
And dat's how come I say "Amen"  
When y'all ain't said a mumblin' word.

Oh, yes.

Hit's gittin' to be a bite in de mawnin'  
air:  
You kin smell wood smoke when de sun  
go down.  
Summertime done come and gone,  
And now hit's cotton-pickin' time.

God will change conditions.

Hit's mighty quar about mankind:



And he jokes wid all de railroad mens,  
And jest th'ows his money away.

He's one mo'!

When he got out to Holl-you-wood,  
He lived at de Dee Luxe Hotel.  
Women! Liquor! Taxicabs!  
He paid wid hund'ed-dollar bills!

Keep de change!

"Bring me a dish er ham and eggs,  
And a great big beefsteak on de side.  
Some fish and fowl, and stuff like dat,  
And a ice-cold bottle er champagne!"

Livin' high!

"Bring me a woman, young and fair,  
Fast like a roebuck, sweet like a rose,  
Big high breasts and curly hair,  
High-heel shoes and fancy clothes."

Pig meat!

I mean, pig meat!

Go on, you dog, you's a thousand miles  
f'm Greenville now!

But he woke up in de mawnin' and his  
money was gone.

An de pore hotel man put a sign on his  
do',



Ridin' de plush!

"I'm payin' cash when I travels about,  
And I wants de best on de Yazoo Line.  
So when I gits to Holl-you-wood  
De fo'ks will know I'm come to town!"

Aw, he's big!

I kin see him now, in de dinin' car  
Wid a red punch-check in his hatband,  
Jest a-eatin' ham and eggs,  
And beefsteak and ice cream!

I mean, he's travelin'!

He rides over mountains and through  
big towns,  
And eats his dinner six times a day.



But de baby was a projeckin' son!

He was a case!

So, 'long 'bout cotton-pickin' time  
Dis projeckin' boy went to his paw  
And say, "Daddy, give me what is mine,  
For I aims to do some gittin' around."

Eetchin' heel!

He say, "I been peepin' in de books,  
And axin' questions at de bank.  
So don't tell me dat times is hard,  
And pay me off in chicken feed."

He wanted foldin' money!

So his daddy writ him out a check  
And sont him on down to de bank.  
De bank man paid him off in cash—  
And I mean, hund'ed-dollar bills.

Stinkin' rich!

He th'owed straight down a hund'ed-dol-  
lar bill  
And say to de man at de Y. & M. V.:  
"I wants me a ticket and a Pullman bed,  
And a private chair in de dinin' car."



Sayin', "Move out, move out, you Pro-  
jeckin' Son,  
Cause you sure ain't livin' hyar no  
mo'."

Long ways f'm home!

So he had to walk home f'm Holl-you-  
wood.

His right foot say, "Hongry"; his left  
foot say, "Broke."

"Hongry-and-broke, hongry-and-broke,"  
for a thousand miles;  
Over de mountains, down in de valleys:  
"Hongry-and-broke."

He scratched dat eetchin' heel!

Now, listen!

Do y'all git Luke's motion about de cer-  
tain man?

You members know what I'm preachin'  
about!

You set hyar all summer and you groan  
and shout,  
But when you gits money, you wants to  
move out.

Soul, you got de motion!





Above: David Selznick with Paulette Goddard (Mrs. Charlie Chaplin), who is being prominently mentioned for the part of Scarlett O'Hara in the Selznick production of *Gone With the Wind*

# The Amazing Selznicks

By  
Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS  
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



Left: David Selznick with Janet Gaynor, whom he rescued from comparative obscurity to lead in *A Star Is Born*. Below: Myron Selznick (left) and David. The Selznick International Studio is in the background



## II

LUIS ANGEL FIRPO was never a very good fighter, but he could paralyze you with his right hand. He wore an expression of horrible ferocity, and he had a very shaggy chest. These three traits were virtues that were translated into reams of publicity during the build-up for his championship fight with Jack Dempsey. The Wild Bull was given newspaper space that was out of all proportion to his fistic ability. David Selznick, who had been trained by his father, Lewis J. Selznick, in every department of the motion-picture game, thought that he might be able to cash in on some of this publicity. Everyone was reading about Firpo's training stunts. Everyone would want to see the huge Argentine train. He, David, would make a short picture showing Firpo training.

It looked very easy. David was only twenty-one and he had the optimism of youth plus the confidence he had inherited from his father. He also had a friend who would lend him \$2,000. Exactly \$2,000. He approached Firpo, who said that he would be glad to co-operate at the rate of \$1,000 a day. Firpo could speak no English unless money was mentioned. Then he was positively lyrical. David hired Firpo for a day for \$1,000. He hired a camera and a cameraman and made a feature called *Will He Beat Dempsey?* He made it in five

hours, which is perhaps a record for even the quickest made of "quickies." In addition to the \$1,000 he gave Firpo, he spent \$875 in making the picture. The next day he sold his feature for \$3,500. That was a nice profit.

About this time Rudolph Valentino had been off the screen as a result of a contract battle with Paramount. A face-cream manufacturer had hired the black-haired screen Romeo to judge the finals of a beauty contest to be held at Madison Square Garden. Astute David convinced the face-cream manufacturer that it would be good advertising if he would allow the beauty contest to be filmed. He, David, would magnanimously film it for nothing. He did. He made a two-reeler of the beauty contest finals but there was a lot more of Valentino than there was of the hopeful lassies in the picture. The country was hungry to see Valentino. David made \$15,000 on a picture that cost him the price of lighting the Garden and the price of the film used.

It was then that he and his brother Myron decided to storm Hollywood. Myron, too, had learned about pictures from his father. He had actually produced pictures, lots of them. Both were supremely confident. Through association with their father they knew all of the picture moguls. It should be easy

to get a job, they thought, as they boarded the train.

It wasn't easy. They made the weary studio rounds and it wasn't often that they were able to get past the demigods who guard the outer gates. Myron did get in to see Carl Laemmle. Perhaps Laemmle remembered the time when he gave Lewis Selznick his first job in pictures. Perhaps he shuddered a bit as he remembered how near Selznick had come to absorbing him and taking his own company away from him. No, he wanted no part of another Selznick.

### Friendly Enemies

"Myron, my boy," he said with unctuous paternal smiles, "let me give you some good advice. Get out of the picture business. You don't know anything about it and you'll never get anywhere in it."

Myron bit his lip and turned away without a word.

"I'll show you," he muttered angrily to himself as he left. He did show Laemmle. Ten years later Laemmle went to a bank in California and asked

for a loan. The security he offered was such that the bank was dubious.

"If you just get Myron Selznick to put in a word," they told him. "He's a big stockholder of the bank and a word from him . . ."

But that was ten years later. Myron finally got a job at United Artists. He was signed as an assistant producer by Joe Schenck at one hundred dollars a week. He and David celebrated joyously and with complete abandon. They thought that their troubles were over. Myron didn't work in very well at United Artists. His boss was Johnny Considine and they cordially hated each other. Myron never had been able to acquire that essential Hollywood virtue of being a "yes man." He told Considine what he thought of him and his directors. And they fired him.

About this time David got a job too. It wasn't much of a job either. He was listed at M-G-M as assistant story editor. He wasn't supposed to do anything but read stories that came in the mail, and report on them. But nobody read his reports. However, he got a hundred

(Continued on page 33)



# The Scientific Approach

By Elmer Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

There is romance in the love life  
of the clam, and this proves it

IT WAS so exactly the job she wanted that Hilda Wicker, after so many disappointments, hadn't dared let herself hope she would get it. For a vacancy on the staff of the Basic Research Institute there must be a hundred applicants, most of them more experienced than she; yet this old gentleman across the table actually seemed to be on the point of employing her. She couldn't help smiling in anticipation—and then he recognized her. He blinked; his jaw sagged a little; then, with reluctance:

"You haven't fully complied with our requirements, Miss Wicker," he said dryly. "You failed to enclose a photograph with your application."

"Oh, did I forget that?" she asked innocently. "I'm sorry, Dr. Venn."

"Forgetting details is a bad habit for a scientific research worker."

She flushed; and he decided with the cold detachment of a scientist (aged sixty-nine) that she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

"I didn't forget," she admitted. "I've lost other jobs by enclosing a photograph. People would believe that a girl who looks like me would be serious about nothing—but men. But what I'm serious about is biology. So I thought that if I could just get a chance to talk to you personally—"

"You make a very good impression," he conceded. (In more ways than one.)

"But the institute must consider public opinion; some of our researches affect commercial processes, and they affect business conditions. So we must not only be disinterested, but seem disinterested." Hilda couldn't imagine what he was driving at. "For instance," he said, "we are considering a study of oral hygiene that might influence the toothpaste market. So we could hardly afford to have a worker on our staff whose face is known to every reader of magazine advertising, from coast to coast, as The Girl who Saved Them with Dentola."

At that she flushed more deeply, and looked lovelier than ever. Quite a girl, he thought cheerlessly. If I were forty years younger—

"Well—" she said desperately. "When I was getting my Ph.D. at Columbia I had to earn part of my expenses, and I knew a commercial photographer who said he needed models of—of my type." (Of the more refined type, was the way he had put it.) "If I'd known I'd see my smile and my teeth every time I opened a magazine, I might not have— Yes, I would too! I needed the money for my education, and I don't see that it's any more disgraceful than working your way

through college by waiting on table. It's not so easy for a student to find any kind of job these days; and if my face is my fortune—" It wasn't her entire fortune, he reflected.

"But haven't I seen you in other advertisements too, Miss Wicker?"

"Very likely. I've modeled sport suits, fur coats, and—and so on."

"Yes. I seem to remember—er—a white bathing suit." (And not much of that.) "You were urging the public to come to sunny California."

"To spend the summer in historic New England," she corrected. "And why not? Society women let the papers print their bathing-suit pictures just for personal publicity; why can't I do it to get an education?" (If he knew the jobs she had refused—lingerie advertising, a nightclub chorus—) "I wouldn't be working on that oral-hygiene study. If I were just in the laboratories, nobody'd need to know what I look like."

Nobody but the men who worked with her. Quite a girl, he decided; too quite a girl, for the institute. No man of spirit could keep his eyes on his work if she were there to look at. . . . Yet he hated to refuse her.

"Well, I'll think it over," he evaded pusillanimously. "Will you be in New York all summer? Not that it will take us that long to decide."

"I'm going to visit my aunt up the sound, at Fair Harbor. So I'll be within call, if—if you want to call me."

"I'd like to talk this over with our associate director, Dr. Aldridge. When he returns from Chicago next week, I'll let you know definitely."

But she went out with that familiar cold conviction of defeat; he was only going to pass the buck to Dr. Aldridge. And as she went off to visit Aunt Eudora she remembered that her aunt had predicted, years ago, that her face would be her misfortune.

THAT was when Hilda was thirteen—on a warm night in early fall with all the windows open, when Aunt Eudora, back home on a visit, sat talking with her brother and his wife just below Hilda's bedroom. They thought she was asleep, of course; but she was thinking about her schoolwork, hardly aware of the voices downstairs till she heard her aunt exclaim:

"Do you mean to say that Hilda has never been told?" . . . Told what? Hilda wondered in sudden terror. That we're bankrupt? That I'm an adopted child? That I've got tuberculosis? . . . "Hasn't the girl any idea," her aunt demanded, "that she's going to be a raving beauty?"

Hilda almost laughed aloud; how could you be a raving beauty with bands on your teeth? . . . Now she heard her mother replying:

"Of course we've never told her any such thing. Just because a child is attractive doesn't mean that she'll be a beauty when she grows up."

"My dear Alma! Even at this coltish age, you can see—"

"Well, of course," Mrs. Wicker admitted, "I've sometimes hoped— But I don't believe in putting such ideas into a child's head. If it's true she'll find it out soon enough."

"That's just where you're wrong, Alma! She should be warned! No one ever warned me," said Aunt Eudora, "that my beauty would be my curse."

Hilda gasped. She was vaguely aware that Aunt Eudora was supposed to have been a beauty once (you couldn't expect much, now that she was an old woman of forty-six), and that, having divorced three husbands, she was somehow regarded as a failure by women who still had the one they started with. But how had her beauty been a curse? . . . Now came her father's voice:

"THAT wasn't your trouble, Dora. If you'd only been able, ever, to make up your mind what you wanted—"

"Nobody else ever cared what I wanted. Men never really want to know a woman who looks as—as Hilda is going to. They come buzzing around; she'll get plenty of attention. But where will she find a man who cares to know what she is, not just what she looks like? It's so much easier for them to feast their eyes on a lovely surface than to look for the human being inside."

"Oh, they're not all like that, Dora," Hilda's mother protested.

"All that I've ever known were like that. Every man who looks at Hilda will think she must be the ideal he's built up in his dreams; and when he finds out that she isn't, that she's herself, how angry he will be!"

"Well, there's no need to worry about that yet a while," said Hilda's father wearily, and the child upstairs was grateful to him. She supposed she would get married when she grew up—most people did; but the boys she knew now were only a nuisance. She'd better go to sleep and forget Aunt Dora's silly notions.

But what she had heard burrowed down into the recesses of her memory, and popped out again the first time a boy kissed her—an out-of-town visitor at a high-school party, when she was fifteen. And why had none of her schoolmates ever tried it, now that she had outgrown the coltish age and her teeth shone dazzling and regular, freed from their bands? Perhaps it was her aloof look that discouraged the boys who knew her, or maybe the fact that she led all her classes in school; at any rate, it was the general belief that Hilda didn't care about that sort of thing at all.

A girl of fifteen can't be sure what she isn't going to care about; that boy who first kissed Hilda had a golden opportunity, if he had only known it. Unfortunately, he was no Siegfried to awaken a sleeping beauty; his clumsy abruptness only annoyed and disappointed her.

Only a few professors realized that she was the most promising biologist who had entered college in a decade



**"My face has always been my misfortune," she said; "nobody will hire a girl who looks like me. Besides, I Saved Them with Dentola"**

"What did you do that for?" she had demanded, jerking angrily away. Then—an echo from forgotten depths—"You don't even know who I am!"

"I—I've forgotten your name. But I know what you look like!"

"Do I look as if I want somebody like you pawing me?" she snapped, too furious to recognize that as a confession that with somebody else it might have been different. But she didn't worry much about it, for she had just decided that she cared more about science than about anything else on earth.

It wasn't till she went to the state university that she began to perceive the difficulty of being a perfectly normal girl gifted with a rare and disturbing beauty; and with a passion—still rarer, still more disturbing—for science. For her college friends took her at her face value.

Only a few professors realized that she was the most promising biologist who had entered college in a decade, whereas everybody knew it when she was voted the most beautiful coed on the campus. Men swarmed about her; she liked dates and dancing—and when she met men who could make love more skillfully than the remembered school-boy, she rather liked that too. But a biologist could recognize that as a generalized impulse that had to become personal before it meant anything; and when men grew serious—They didn't try to get acquainted with her, find out who she was; they talked of themselves and their own ambitions, each one sure that whatever he wanted, a girl who looked like that must want too. She knew men in the laboratory who comprehended her passion for science; but they were mostly raw, ambitious youths who might be somebody some day, but right now couldn't interest the most popular girl in college. Associate Professor Hinman understood both sides of her; but that was no good, he was married. . . .

SO WHEN a man who had kissed her found her unresponsive if he tried it again (after some conversation) he concluded that she must be cold; when she danced late and trusted to her brilliance to get her through the next day's classes unprepared, her professors said that no wonder a girl who looked like that thought more about men than about her work. In her senior year she applied for a graduate fellowship, to study for her Ph.D.; and there was considerable shaking of heads among the faculty.

"What does she want with a Ph.D.?" growled Professor Smith. "A girl who looks like that won't stick to a career; she'll get married. She was meant to practice biology, not to teach it."

"She works a good deal with Hinman," said Professor Jones uneasily. "Not that I'm suggesting— But they're good friends, and his wife is a jealous vixen. We can't afford a scandal."

(Continued on page 26)







Doris asked, "What's the matter, Dad? Where are you going?" "Upstairs," he answered. "To fetch Vance Morgan down"

## Escape

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

NIGHT descended upon Four Holes Swamp, and upon the sluggish Cat-bill River, as Sheriff Jim Green of Karnak County guided his roadster along the corduroy road that wound uncertainly through the great gray waste.

Jim Green was tired. His short, stocky frame ached with weariness. For two interminable nights and two blistering days he had led a man hunt through the length and breadth of Karnak County. And now he was approaching his home, so near to complete exhaustion that he found himself wishing that if they were to find Vance Morgan at all it would not be before morning.

Jim was unmindful of the grim beauty surrounding him; of the onyx pools that jeweled the swamp; of stately pines and of graceful cypress and water oak draped with Spanish moss. He only knew that the past two days had been a nightmare,

and that the little county seat, eleven miles behind him, seethed with homicidal resentment.

Vance Morgan's attempt to rob the Karnak State Bank had been poorly planned and inexpertly executed. It had resulted in no gain for the young man, but it had caused the death of Bud Beauregard, who was night watchman at the bank. He had come around the corner of the building and shouted at Vance Morgan, and Vance had shot him. Bud had told the story before he died, and now they wanted Vance Morgan for murder as well as for an attempted robbery.

Doris loved him, so there must have been some good in the man

The public mood was ugly. There was talk of lynching, despite Jim Green's stern warning that no such violence would be tolerated.

Admitting that Vance Morgan was the most undesirable citizen in Karnak County, it was still impossible for the stocky sheriff to forget that Cal Morgan—Vance's father—had been his best friend. It was also impossible to forget that his daughter was in love with the fugitive.

At times that fact bewildered Jim Green, and at other times he understood. Doris and Vance had sort of been raised

together, Vance being enough older so that she couldn't help but look up to him. Most of what Doris knew about fishing and riding and shooting and swimming Vance had taught her. He'd been like an older brother for years, and the one gentle thing about him was his affection for Jim Green's girl.

Of course, as Vance had grown, there had been a side to his character that Doris knew only by hearsay. A wild side, a vicious side. Especially after his father died. Jim Green had brought the boy to his own house, tried treating him like a son—and had gotten precisely nowhere. There was a streak in Vance that was thoroughly and uncompromisingly bad. He was tall and muscular and handsome and fearless. He moved away from Jim Green's house and went to live in the town of Karnak. For a while

(Continued on page 54)



# *The Girl Delivers the Message . . .*

## INTERNATIONALS

## DELIVER THE GOODS

Everywhere you go, smiling girls remind you of "the pause that refreshes" with ice-cold bottles of Coca-Cola. And have you noticed, too, how people turn to look at the Internationals that are used to deliver Coca-Cola? This eye-arresting quality is a real prestige builder in the bottled beverage business.

On top of that, Internationals deliver Coca-Cola on a rock-bottom economy basis. More and more businesses with years of hauling experience are turning to International Trucks.

Sound ALL-TRUCK construction in every model of the complete International line insures low operating costs in every hauling field. And from lowered costs come increased profits—*plus the prestige* of International Trucks. Traveling advertisements for your business!

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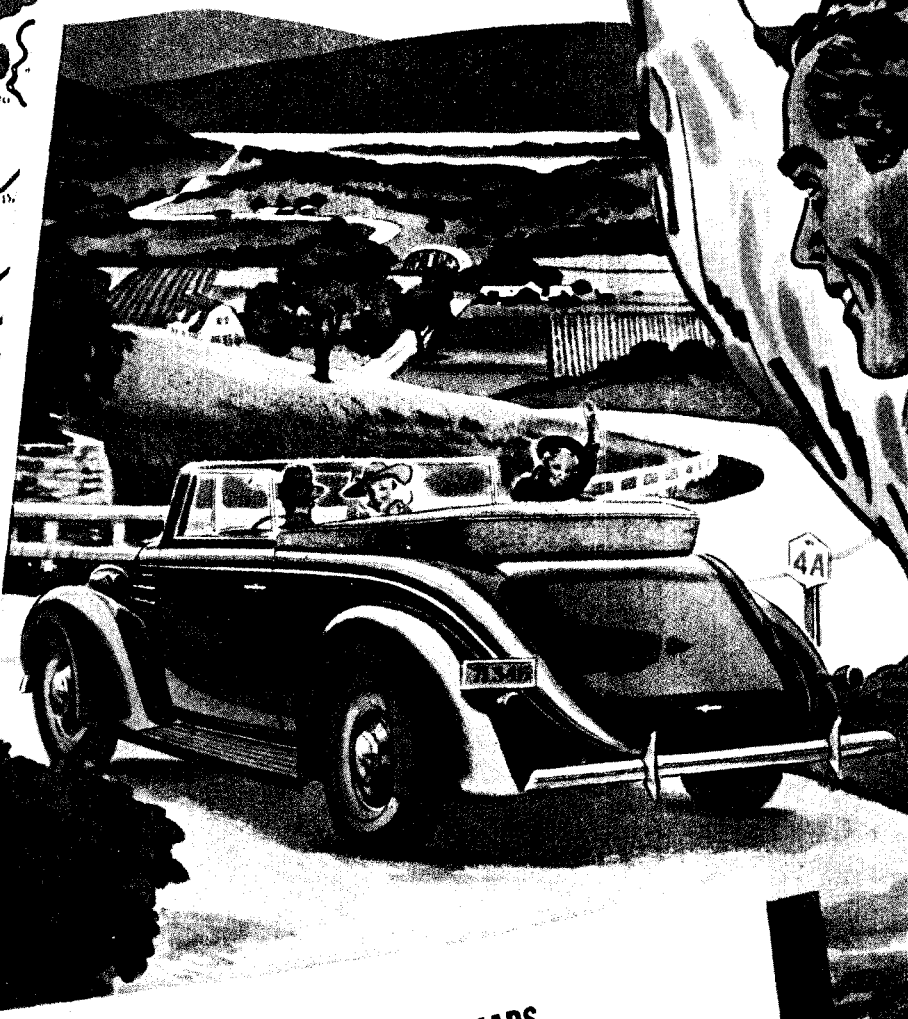


# INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS





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borhood Shell dealer. He'll supply you  
with maps, free of charge, and can give  
you a good deal of helpful information  
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**FOR TODAY'S  
STOP-AND-GO DRIVING**



# Be Good and You'll be Murdered

By Kyle Crichton

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FOR a mere fifty dollars it is possible for a young man to get a six-weeks course of instruction that will entitle him to get beamed by a pop bottle or brained by a ball bat. If he is successful in his profession he may count on being hated by the best people in America. At an early age he may start on a career of martyrdom that will make his name a household curse throughout the nation. In short, he may take a course in George Barr's School of Baseball Umpiring, which is held every year at Hot Springs, Arkansas, between February 15th and April 1st, and eventually become one of those lonely figures who stand, black-coated and severe, on the ball fields of the American continent during hot afternoons of the summer, and bear the insults of the multitude.

Not only that, but they must have pride in their shame. Mr. Barr insists on it.

"You have to go out there with your shoes shined and make them understand who is boss," he cries. "When it's a strike, yell stre-ee-IKE! and throw your arm out as if you're going to kill somebody in the right-field stands! Let them know it's a strike. Even if you're wrong make them believe it. If you're doubtful, they'll murder you. No umpire is ever wrong . . . Get that fixed in your mind!"

George Barr, as all men of breeding know, is an umpire on the staff of the National League. Back home in Tulsa during the winter months, George is greeted as a friend by men who would gladly have him decapitated at other moments, but George is not fooled.

"Never kid with the ballplayers and never josh with the people in the stands," he tells his students. "They're not friends of yours. Get that nonsense out of your head. They'll be smiling at you one moment and throwing at you the next."

It may come as a surprise to learn that there is a science to umpiring. Mr. Barr's young men at Hot Springs (aged eighteen to thirty-five) discover that the wrong way can get them crowned and the right way can bring them that slight need for indulgence that is the

most any arbiter can aspire to. Mr. Barr, for example, has no truck with a man calling balls and strikes who stands directly behind the batter and thus has his vision obscured.

"That's what you call 'forking' a batter," explains George. "They maintain that all an umpire can do is watch the flight of the pitch until it enters the 'strike' zone. That is strictly nuts. By standing between the batter and the catcher—not really between but behind and with the eyes looking between—you can watch the ball until it disappears in the catcher's glove. That's the only way to do it."

So you get a spectacle of sixty-eight earnest gentlemen following the Barr example. They sway with the pitch, they go down when it is low, they bend to right or left—they not only *actually* are right behind the ball wherever it happens to be but they give the spectators confidence that they are there. Furthermore, they are instructed not to bounce up and down like toys on a stick. They bend slowly and come back up slowly, thus showing their firm judgment and steady nerves. Even more important, they bend in a straight line, keeping carefully behind the catcher at all times. If there is anything sticking out, the results are apt to be painful.

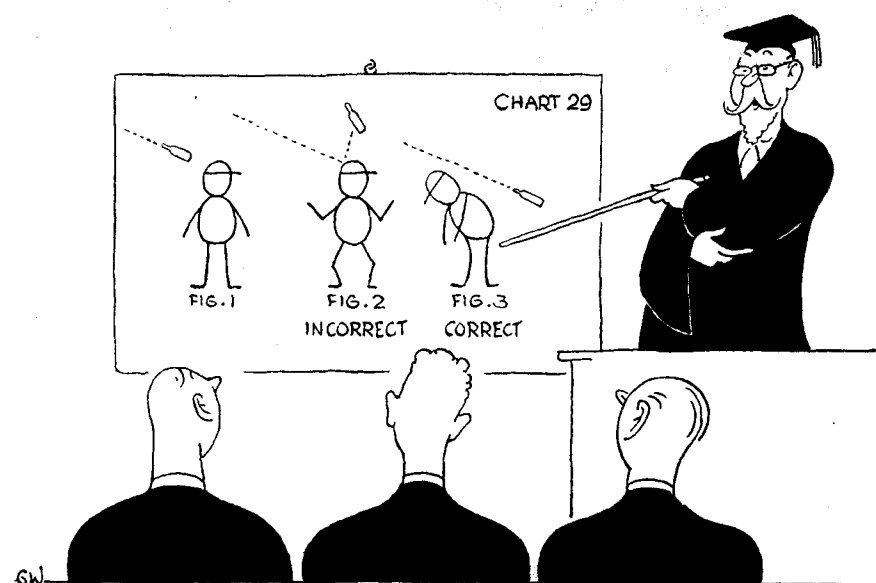
## Science and Showmanship

"If a foul tip ever smacks you while in that position," explains Mr. Barr, "you will feel that you have been riding barebacked on a bucking bronco for eighty-three miles."

With the help of his assistants, Frosty Peters, former quarterback at Illinois, and John Showalter, the tobacco farmer from Kentucky, both active umpires now and graduates from the Barr school, he puts the boys through a course that is a combination of science and showmanship. One learns that the great secret of umpiring (given ordinary sense and judgment and eyesight) is confidence. When the Barr boys call a base runner out, he is definitely and irrevocably and eternally out. They wind up the body as if in preparation for a fit,



If he succeeds, he can look forward to having a lonely life and a hard one



The young man gets a course that entitles him to get beamed by a pop bottle

they begin swinging the arm, they finish with the hand swishing the air in a desperate gesture headed toward the North Star and with the head raised aloft in an attitude of sheer distraction. From the mouth comes the one final word: Ow-ow-ow-OUT!

When a runner is safe, the excitement is equally intense. The hands are swung even with the ground in a frantic gesture of comfort; the voice is as loud; the body is in contortions. When it is a case of fair or foul on a long drive, the umpire leaves no doubt. He waves inside or outside the baseline with the animation of a demented hitchhiker.

"A good umpire," says Mr. Barr, "always has his eye on the ball, watches the runner until he crosses the plate (no matter what the play) sticks right by the catcher or a fielder on a fly ball (in case he juggles it or it touches something before he catches it), and keeps the play before him under all circumstances. A play must never be called too fast and it must always be called decisively."

The boys at the Barr school come from all over the country and Barr has more requests for umpires than he can fill. This year he will place about thirty-five umpires in jobs starting as low as \$75 a month and going up to \$200. One of his graduates, John Thompson, is now in the American Association; George Grant is in the Southern League; Bill Wilson is in the Texas League; Al Maddock is in the Piedmont League; Bill Hall and John Showalter will work in the Southeastern League, and Frosty Peters will

go back for another season to the Florida State League. The school was started four years ago by Ray Doan and is still run in conjunction with Doan's baseball school, although Barr now entirely controls the umpire section, which he has run from the beginning.

## Big Money at the Top

Salaries of umpires in the big leagues are said to run as high as \$12,000 for a five-months season (this going to famous men like Bill Klem). When Barr was bought from the Texas League (umpires being bought just as players are), he was getting top pay, \$525 a month. The top money in the minor leagues is said now to be less.

"The big money is at the top," George tells his pupils. "If you're content to be a Class D umpire all your life, get out of it now. There's too much grief for money like that."

But he thinks it's a great profession when you're up there. The old days when small boys at Arkoma, Oklahoma, sold rocks at two for five to patrons anxious to use them on Umpire Barr have passed, but he experienced the high flavor of discontent last summer when he called the celebrated balk on Dizzy Dean in a crucial game against Carl Hubbell in St. Louis.

"I warned Diz before the game; I talked to Bredon about it; I showed everybody around the order from Ford Frick saying that from that moment a

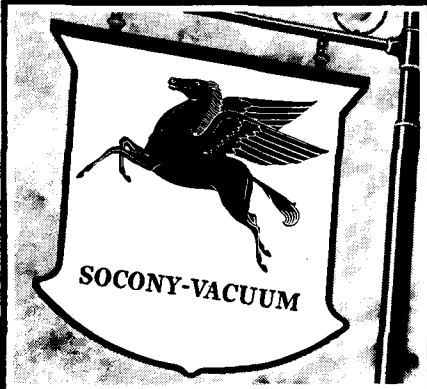
(Continued on page 51)



# The Scientific Approach

Continued from page 21

## ACROSS THE NATION



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Mobil Specialties!**

### MOBIL UPPERLUBE



Add it to your gasoline. Mobil Upperlube reaches the engine as a vapor. Its special impregnating ingredient protects upper cylinder walls, piston rings and valves from rust and wear. Reduces carbon. Quiets engine.

### MOBIL HYDROTONE

Stops radiator rusting and corrosion. Prevents scale and clogging. Simply add it to the water, and corrosive action stops. Leaks are prevented and overheating avoided. One can protects for months. It's a vital need for every car.



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A light, penetrating, non-gumming oil. Lubricates all electric appliances, sewing machines, washing machines, bicycles, toys. Fine for automobile generators, hinges and for other caruses. Prevents rust. Use it on locks, firearms and fishing equipment. Convenient wall bracket free with every can.



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MOBIL WINDOW SPRAY • MOBIL UPPERLUBE  
MOBIL HYDROTONE • MOBIL SPOT REMOVER

BY THE MAKERS OF MOBIL OIL

Alarmed by that awful prospect, they gave her such a glowing recommendation that she got a fellowship at Columbia. But when Hilda Wicker, Ph.D., began to look for a job, men who might have hired her always decided that a girl who looked like that would be too distracting to impressionable young instructors; or else that there was no use taking on somebody who would be sure to resign before long and get married. And now the job she wanted most of all seemed beyond her reach.

All of which she confided, bit by bit, to Aunt Eudora, as they smoked on the porch of her cottage overlooking the sound, or sunned themselves on the rocks after a swim.

"What rotten luck!" her aunt sighed. "This Venn sounds like a fussy old fool; perhaps his associate will have more sense . . . Aldridge, did you say? I wonder if that could be Ted Aldridge, my third husband's nephew. He was some sort of scientist." Hilda sat up in sudden hope.

"It's Theodore Aldridge, the ecologist. If you know him, perhaps—"

"What's an ecologist?" Aunt Eudora interrupted.

"A man who studies the way different kinds of organisms get along together. If you wouldn't mind writing to him, it might help—"

"I doubt it. I'm not his uncle's wife any more, and I haven't seen him since his wedding, twelve years ago . . . Well, my dear, you certainly have a problem. I'm surprised you don't simply give up and get married. Not that marriage solves all problems," said Aunt Eudora, "as who should know better than I? Still, it does give you time to think things over."

"I've never seen anybody I wanted to marry," Hilda confessed.

"What? You mean to say you've never been in love?"

"Oh, I've started to be, once or twice; but always, when we began to get acquainted— Not that they ever tried much to get acquainted," said Hilda dolefully. "I remember something you said once long ago, Aunt Dora. Just give a man a— a surface to look at, and he doesn't seem to care who it is that's inside. You were certainly right."

"Well, you may yet get that job at the institute," her aunt consoled her. "Meanwhile you can rest here, and perhaps amuse yourself a little. There's a dance at the club Saturday night, if you care to look it over."

HILDA said she would like it; and at the dance she met Henry Norton.

Met him and not much more; her aunt introduced him in a group on the clubhouse terrace, and he asked Aunt Eudora for the first dance. Quite proper, thought Hilda; she dances well—and he'll ask me next. So she said yes to the first man who did ask her; he looked like a kind husband and father and he danced like one too, but as she followed his unsteady hoppings Hilda's eyes were constantly roving past him. . . . Henry Norton danced beautifully; and his face was austere, aloof, aristocratic. Not exactly handsome, but the most interesting face she had seen in years.

After the dance everybody trooped out on the terrace; men young and old clustered around Hilda, and she had to tell two or three of them that she'd promised the next. But when it began she saw Henry with a dumpy married woman whose husband hadn't come up for the week end. He'll certainly ask me next, Hilda reassured herself; but he didn't. He asked a gawky girl with whom

no one had danced yet; in fact, he never came near Hilda all evening. So she didn't have as good a time as she had expected. Driving home with her aunt afterward, she couldn't help asking about Henry.

"Poor Henry!" said Aunt Eudora. "Oh, he's one of the local gentry, with a big estate down the Post Road. But he's a nice boy, in his way."

"Then why is he poor Henry? What does he do?"

"Nothing much but clip coupons—and dance with us older women, and rescue wallflowers. He's practically a public utility around the club."

Then apparently I'm not part of the public, thought Hilda resentfully.

"But why does he do that, Aunt Dora? I mean—it's nice of him, but—"

"His mother brought him up to do his duty, my dear; and by now it's become a habit. His father died when he was a baby and Henry was the only child. He lived with his mother, and took care of her property; his whole life revolved around her. So no wonder he looks like the portrait of one of his New England ancestors. Since she died last year, I imagine he feels rather lost."

But perhaps he could be found, thought Hilda, if somebody took the trouble to look for him—somebody who hadn't got used to thinking of him as poor Henry. And there had been plenty

of life in those ancestral New Englanders, when they managed to shake off their repressions.

She woke next morning with a new impatience to find out about that job. After breakfast she wrote to Dr. Venn, asking if he and Dr. Aldridge had made up their minds—a curt little note, almost tart in its directness. And with that off her mind, she drove with Aunt Eudora down to the club, where all Fair Harbor swam on Sunday morning. Half a dozen groups asked her to join them—she was quite a picture in her trim bathing suit—but she evaded them all, went on to the end of the dock where Henry Norton sat alone. He looked up, startled, as she dropped down beside him.

"I WAS hoping you'd dance with me last night," she heard herself saying. He colored; but more in shyness, it seemed, than in embarrassment.

"You seemed to have a great deal of attention anyway, Miss Wicker."

"But I could dance with only one man at a time. If you'd danced with me somebody else would have been free to rescue the wallflowers—and I can't believe you're the only philanthropist in Fair Harbor. Anyway, there aren't any wallflowers to rescue now. Let's swim out to the float."

He swam as gracefully as he danced,



"If she wants to marry Robert Taylor that's her business!"

ERIC GODAL





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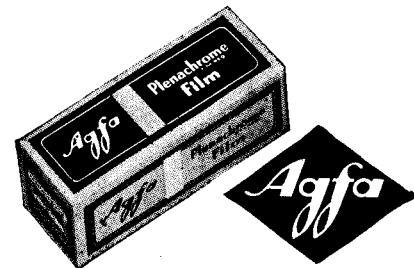
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and on the float he lost a little of his tense repression. They talked desultorily in the hot sun, and when they parted they had a date to swim tomorrow. Hilda realized that she had done most of the talking and had practically asked him for the date; but why not, if he was too shy to ask her? . . . So everybody was happy but Aunt Eudora, who watched these proceedings with dismay. It's only natural, she told herself, that a girl who gets so much attention should be piqued by a man who wouldn't notice her. Still, I wish she'd hear about that job. . . .

Henry seemed glad to see Hilda on Monday, but he still had little to say. Most of the men she knew talked too much; but now she found herself talking to fill in the silences—talking enthusiastically about her work.

"You mean to say you're a Ph.D?" he interrupted presently. "A doctor of philosophy?" Smiling, she asked him why not. "But you don't look like that sort of person at all!" he protested. So men had said when she asked them for a job, and she hadn't liked it; but it was nice that Henry regarded her as a more exciting sort of person. "Er—what is your special field of work?" he asked, evidently afraid it was something unladylike.

"Well, I wrote my thesis—the long paper, you know, for my degree—on what you might call the psychology of the clam."

"You're making fun of me," said Henry stiffly. "A clam has no psychology. He's just a clam."

"He could have had a psychology. Some of his cousins who swim around have more highly developed nervous systems; but he just sits in one place all the time, so his reaction patterns have degenerated."

He looked as one of his New England ancestors might have looked if he discovered that the nice girl next door was a witch in office hours. But some brisk tennis and a long lazy swim got their minds off the topic, and when he ventured that he hoped they might meet here again tomorrow, she felt that the ice jam of his repressions was breaking up. She came home so cheerful that Aunt Eudora shuddered, with a deepening dismay.

"**Y**OU seem quite taken with Henry," she observed. "He must open up and talk more to you than he does to the rest of us."

"He isn't very communicative," Hilda admitted, "but he's learning. There's something there that nobody has ever discovered—not even Henry."

"I suppose that's an irresistible challenge to an experimental biologist. But before you carry your researches too far," said her aunt, "remember that the best sons usually make the worst husbands."

"Good heavens, Aunt Dora, I'm not thinking about anything like that!" said Hilda.

"It's a frequent result of such experiments," her aunt reminded her.

But Hilda saw no need to look that far ahead—and the next morning came a letter that made her forget the experiment for the time being. Dr. Theodore Aldridge, acting director of the institute, wrote with a touch of irritation—and a touch of amusement—that he inferred she didn't read the papers very closely; otherwise she would have known that Dr. Venn had had a stroke the day after she saw him, and now was dead.

"So he never had a chance to talk to Aldridge about me," she told her aunt, "and there's still hope! Aldridge doesn't seem to know anything about that Dentola advertisement. But perhaps I ought to tell him—"

"You'd be a fool to tell him!" her aunt snapped. "That was only Venn's idea, and a crazy one. Here's your

chance, Hilda; you mustn't miss it!" (Especially if the alternative were Henry Norton.)

"Aldridge seems to have some crazy ideas too," said Hilda, frowning at the letter. "He asks me if I intend to be married. Maybe he thinks that's why Venn hadn't made up his mind about me. . . . But what difference would it make? Plenty of married women keep their jobs."

But a woman who married Henry Norton couldn't keep a job; she'd have to take charge of his home, and of Henry. . . . What am I thinking of? she wondered, reddening. It annoyed her—and Aldridge's tone annoyed her too, when she sat down to answer his letter. She made the proper remarks on the sudden death of Dr. Venn, and then added: "As for intending to get married, I'm not engaged, if that's what you mean. But certainly I intend to get married if I'm ever asked by somebody I want to marry. Do you make women on your staff take a vow of celibacy? You're married yourself and there's no reason why it need interfere with a woman's work either. For instance, there was Madame Curie. . . ."

**A**FTER the letter was mailed she was afraid she had been rather tactless; but something about this Aldridge got on her nerves. Anyway, it was too late to worry about that now. . . . So in due time she went to the club, and there was Henry; and before the afternoon was over he had called her Hilda, with the air of one venturing an unpardonable familiarity. He's coming on, she thought blithely; he's coming on.

She saw him almost every day that week but they didn't get much farther on; evidently Henry meant to give the acquaintance time to ripen. But on Saturday night he danced with her four times; she was so encouraged that she forgot all about Dr. Aldridge till his letter came in the Monday morning mail. He wrote as director now, not acting director; but he still seemed—to her annoyance—a little irritated, and a little amused.

"I'm sorry I roused your feminist indignation," he began, and went on to explain that he had no objection to married women, except that they were apt to retire to raise a family. Also, it seemed, he had read her Ph.D. dissertation—in which she had disputed some opinions in one of his books. Very brilliantly, he admitted; but he couldn't agree with her, because—

His because covered a couple of typewritten pages, and left her seething. Then came a postscript: "By the way, your reference to my marriage makes me wonder if the Mrs. Oliver Gleason with whom you are staying could be my ex-aunt. If so, please remember me to her. I haven't seen her in a good many years, but no man who ever saw her could forget her."

"Well, well, very nice of him, I'm sure!" said Aunt Eudora when Hilda showed her that. "All the more remarkable since Elfrieda—his wife—is such a blazing beauty that you wouldn't think he'd notice any other woman. Give him my greetings when you write to him—and do be careful what you say. You're likely to get that job—unless you rub him the wrong way."

But Hilda had to defend her criticisms of his opinions, and it wasn't easy; he knew his stuff. So did she; her reply, finally, filled five typewritten pages and she spent practically all day over it. Too late to go to the club now; so she swam from Aunt Eudora's rocks—and after dinner Henry telephoned in gratifying alarm, hoping that she wasn't ill.

"Not a bit," she assured him. "I just had some work to do."

"Work?" In his tone, ten generations of ancestors disapproved of the sort of



work she did. But he went on to say that he had missed her, and that he must see her tomorrow; and her heart began to flutter. Tomorrow, beyond doubt, he would open up and talk, let her see the real Henry. And then—?

The next day there was a crowd at the club; Henry's shy glance told her that he felt, as she did, that these people were in the way. So they swam out around the point, and sunned themselves on a flat rock. Here they could talk; but they didn't. Hilda felt a lazy physical content with sunshine and salt wind, and the sense of Henry close by; idly she noted a clam or two at the water's edge, and was amazed that she had spent years studying the clam. Henry was right; she wasn't that sort of person. She was the sort of person—the sort of woman—who could be perfectly satisfied with just this: the time, the place, and the man . . . The right man . . .

She sat up, laughing aloud in sheer contentment; Henry, startled, sat up too. What he saw in her face wasn't provocation, it was just the way she felt; but it would have needed less of a man than Henry to resist it. All at once she felt his arms around her, realized that she was being kissed.

"No, no—please!" she heard herself saying, and wondered why this was going wrong . . . As it certainly was. He released her with a groan of shame.

"I'm sorry, Hilda. I—I never did such a thing before." (She could believe that.) "But I simply couldn't help it; the way you looked—" (Just what they all say, she reflected wearily; and then they grab me.) "I mean—" he said, reddening; and now at last she could laugh.

"I know what you mean, Henry. You felt a natural biological impulse. . . . And perhaps I did too. . . . But I'm afraid that's not enough."

"Biological?" he said, shuddering. "No! Not that!"

"Perhaps it wasn't," she mused, "on my side. Only a misdirected scientific curiosity. . . . Let's go back to the club."

Swimming back, she hated herself—and him. But that was silly. He couldn't help the inexperienced awkwardness that had annoyed her . . . Or had he annoyed her just by being another wrong man? . . . They came ashore—

"Hilda," he said, "you've never been in my home. I want you to come to lunch tomorrow—chaperoned by your aunt, of course. I—I'll show you the family portraits; and I want to tell you about my mother."

WHAT fun that will be, she thought. . . . Still, I'd really get acquainted with him—and I want him to forget this bungled affair today. . . . So she accepted; he drove her home, and she asked him to stop in for a cocktail.

"Too bad you were out," said her aunt. "Dr. Aldridge called; he's spending a week with his brother down at Quahaug Cove. He was sorry to miss you, but he's coming back to lunch tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" said Henry, frowning. "But I had asked you and Hilda to lunch tomorrow, and she has accepted."

"Then she'll have to cancel it," Aunt Eudora told him calmly.

"Cancel it? But—Who is this Dr. Aldridge?"

"A relative of mine," Aunt Eudora put in before Hilda could explain. "I hadn't seen him for years, and I want him to meet Hilda."

That made it all right with Henry, who felt that people should lose no opportunity of seeing their relatives. But when he had gone—

"What's Aldridge like?" Hilda asked.

"My dear, he's charming. The sort of man I used to know before—before I got to be fifty-seven years old," Aunt Eudora finished dryly. "He doesn't look like a scientist. I don't believe he is a very good one."

"But of course he is, Aunt Eudora—a really great ecologist."

"Didn't you say an ecologist is an expert on the way different organisms get along together? Well, he and Elfrieda were a couple of organisms that couldn't get along together; they've been divorced. He told me that experience had taught him to distrust all beautiful women—except me. Nice of him to put it that way; I know I look like the ruins of the Parthenon."

"If he feels that way," Hilda sighed, "I'll never get the job."

And if she doesn't, her aunt realized, she'll tumble into Henry's arms by default. . . . Something has got to be done about this!

WHEN Dr. Aldridge arrived next morning he found two women waiting on the porch—an elderly woman who looked like the ruins of the Parthenon; a slim, dusky-haired young woman whose face was swathed in bandages.

"My niece; Dr. Wicker, Dr. Aldridge," Aunt Eudora explained. "With a frightful case of ivy poisoning. She's ashamed to let her face be seen."

"I know how she feels," he said, grinning. "Good of you to let me come back, Aunt Eudora. You don't mind if I call you Aunt Eudora, do you?"

"My dear boy, I'm flattered. But I thought you came back for a personal interview with Hilda, about that job at the institute."

"It's too hot to talk business now," he evaded, and Hilda's heart sank. All my fault, she thought, for arguing with him. . . . "But didn't you say something about a swim before lunch, Aunt Eudora?"

"I don't think I have the energy, on such a hot morning. But you young people go ahead; salt water won't hurt Hilda's face." He grinned.

"Young people! I'm nearly forty and feel older than you'll ever be."

But he didn't look it, or act it. When Hilda appeared in her bathing suit he stared hard at her, and she felt herself coloring. . . . But I can't help it if I've got a good figure. So long as he can't see my face.

They plunged off the rocks, found the water gratefully cool, swam a long time. At last he turned back; Hilda followed, came to the shore where he was already lying on a rock, lighting a cigarette. Feeling inexplicably lighthearted, she ran up, laughing; his face changed queerly.

"I thought so," he said, "and now I'm sure of it. . . ."

"Sure of what?" she asked uneasily.

"I've seen you before—in print. Urging the public to spend the summer in historic New England. That was an advertisement with a pull; I'm part of the public and here I am." Facing his grin, she knew she was blushing all over. "Might as well take off those bandages," he said. "One of them slipped, in the water; you haven't got ivy poisoning any more than I have." In silent shamed fury she tore them off, tossed them away.

"Now," he said, "what was the idea?"

"My face has always been my misfortune; nobody will hire a girl who looks like me. Besides—" Deliberately, she forced a smile. "I Saved Them with Dentola." That alone would disqualify me, for the institute."

"Who said so?" He paused; then—"You like to argue, don't you?"

"I suppose I said too much in my letters—" she began apologetically.

"You said just enough to make me curious to see this little spitfire who had the nerve to argue with a man while she was asking him for a job. But on that point we were discussing about barnacles, you're mistaken—"

"I am not!" she burst out. "If you think you can persuade me—"

They were still arguing, over a pile of cigarette stubs, when Aunt Eudora came



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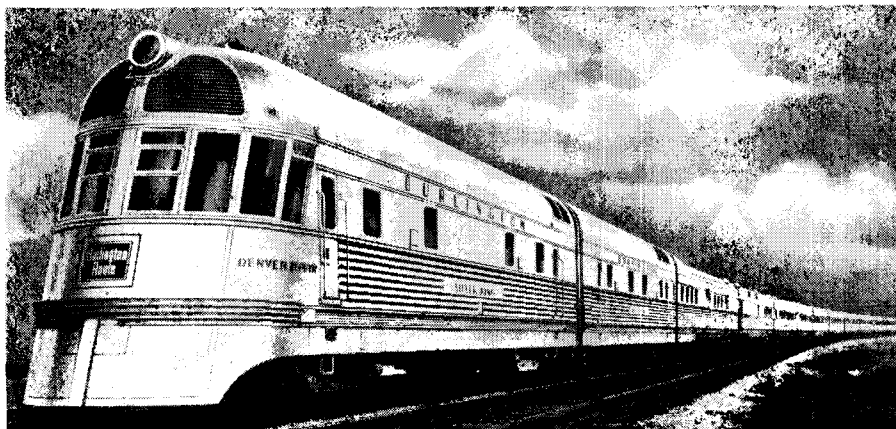
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down an hour later. She didn't say a word about the absence of the bandages, and neither did they.

"Aunt Eudora," said Aldridge, "this girl has some very mistaken ideas about barnacles, and I think she's wrong about periwinkles too. But she certainly knows a lot about clams."

"So does my cook," said Aunt Eudora. "We're having them steamed for lunch, and it's ready."

"WELL?" said her aunt when Aldridge had gone. "Did you get the job?"

"I don't know," Hilda confessed.

"So you let him get away without finding out? Why, you poor idiot!"

"Oh, he's coming back. He's taking me to play golf tomorrow; and on Saturday evening he's going to the dance with us."

Not with us, vowed Aunt Eudora silently.

They spent every afternoon of that week together. Hilda explained to Henry (by telephone) that she hoped Dr. Aldridge was going to give her a job; she tried to explain to her aunt too—but that wasn't necessary.

"Perfectly natural," said her aunt. "You're both interested in clams and barnacles, so of course you have a great deal to talk about. But if he's taking you to the dance Saturday night we must have him here to dinner—and perhaps some people in to cocktails beforehand."

Their cocktail party of course included Henry, whom Hilda hadn't seen for days. He looked pretty sour, and she was thankful he didn't know that she and Ted had never really got down to talking about that job yet. . . . She supposed it was queer to call him Ted; but her aunt called him that, and everybody thought her aunt's nephew must be her cousin. . . . Still, when they left Aunt Eudora after dinner and drove off to the club—

"It's all very nice to be honorary cousins," she said, "but you must have made up your mind about me by this time. Are you going to give me that job, Ted Aldridge, or aren't you?"

"Say, woman! What's that scent you're wearing?"

She saw that he simply wasn't in the mood to talk business tonight.

He danced well, though not so well as Henry; after the first dance he claimed the next, and then the next, while she told other men she was sorry, but this one was engaged. . . . Over the crowd Henry's face looked like one of his New England ancestors getting ready to burn an Indian village with the Indians inside.

"No, Ted," she said firmly when he claimed the fourth dance in a row. "Go ask somebody else. I must pay some attention to—to the public." She flushed; that sounded as if he were somebody private and special.

"All right," he said rather grumpily, "but I want the next one. Don't forget that I'm the public you enticed to historic New England."

So at last she turned to Henry. But he didn't want to dance; he led her out across the terrace, across the shadowed lawn, out to the dock.

"Hilda, you owe me an explanation. Who is this Aldridge?"

"I told you. He's the man who's going to give me a job—I hope."

"I don't believe it!" he said, so flatly that she burst out laughing.

"Why, Henry! Are you calling a lady a liar?"

"I certainly am! It's hard to believe that anybody who looks like you— But I don't believe you! I'm disappointed in you, Hilda!"

"You aren't the first man who's misread my face." . . . But what had she done with him? His face had attracted her; and she had imagined the sort of man behind it that she wanted to find

behind it—a man who wasn't there at all. . . . "Henry, why wouldn't you ask me to dance that first evening?"

"You looked too—too splendid to pay any attention to me."

And he hadn't had the courage to ask her and find out. No wonder he rescued wallflowers; he had a wallflower's soul. Sitting in one place all the time, he had become—just a clam. . . . Still, she remembered, he's kissed me and called me a liar; he really is waking up.

"But I did pay some attention to you, didn't I?" she said. "It turned out that we aren't congenial, but— Never think after this that any woman's too good for you; try her and see. . . . I've been good for you, Henry; you may think you hate me now, but some day you'll be grateful to me."

She turned back down the shadowed dock. The music was soft across the water; everyone was dancing—or almost everyone. A cigarette glowed in the darkness of the lawn; coming up, she recognized Ted Aldridge.

"Why aren't you in there dancing?" she demanded, proprietarily.

"I don't want to dance with other women; I was waiting for you. But you weren't dancing either. What have you been up to?" He sounded rather proprietary, too; but she couldn't seem to resent it.

"I? Oh, I was just—just finishing an experiment."

"I see. Get any results?"

"I learned quite a lot. You can, you know, even when the results are negative." Close beside him in the dusk, she found her heart thumping. "Ted," she said unsteadily, "have you made up your mind about me yet?"

"I certainly have!" His elbow was touching hers, now.

"I—I mean," she stammered, "are you going to give me that job?"

"That depends," he chuckled. "You're qualified if you want it, but— Did I understand you to say you don't intend to get married?"

"You know perfectly well what I said. I told you I intended to get married if—I was ever asked by anybody I want to marry. But—but since there doesn't seem to be much prospect of that—"

"Where did you get that idea?" he broke in.

"Well, Henry turned out to be the wrong man, and you—" She gasped; she hadn't meant to say that. Now his arm was around her, tightening.

"What's the matter with me?" he demanded. "Take the job too if you want it; a married woman can still do good work. As you reminded me, there was Madame Curie—but don't forget that she worked with Monsieur Curie." She couldn't seem to speak. "What's the matter with me?" he repeated.

"Nothing at all!" she said, warm and breathless. "But you told Aunt Eudora you distrusted all beautiful women—"

"Oh, that was before I met you," he explained; and the next moment he succeeded in convincing her.

HER aunt, too, recalled that remark of his when Hilda broke the news.

"Well, you see," Hilda told her, "he says that he fell in love with Elfrieda's face and she fell in love with his prospects. They never really got acquainted till after they were married, and then they found out they didn't like each other at all. But it seems he practically fell in love with me from my letters before he ever saw me. He says that when he found out what I looked like, it was just a sort of extra dividend."

"And he's going to give you the job besides?" Aunt Eudora queried.

"For as long as I want it," said Hilda, a little pink. "But Ted says he hopes I'll be willing to retire in a year or so and—practice ecology. Literally, you know, it only means keeping house."



# The Amazing Selznicks

Continued from page 19

dollars a week and he decided to buy a car.

"Live expensively," his father had said. "Live beyond your means if you have confidence in yourself. Money isn't important."

He paid the first installment on the car. By now he and Myron had picked up a young Russian director whose philosophy of life coincided rather remarkably with theirs. His name was Lewis Milestone and a few years later he was to become famous as the director of *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *Front Page*. But now he was broke, a fact that didn't bother him at all, any more than it bothered Myron or David. These three gay troubadours refused to sing the blues. They had David's hundred dollars a week and they had David's beautiful car.

They disappeared one day, Milestone and Myron did, and when David came home he was greeted by an empty apartment and no car. The next day Myron and Milestone returned. They had been

He was a strong believer in the "unit system." He believed that an associate producer should make a picture entirely by himself, and that he should be responsible for it. Mass production, with specialists scurrying from one set to another, annoyed him. The way to make a picture on celluloid, Selznick believed, was no different than the way it was made on canvas.

He went to RKO and then back to M-G-M where he was allowed to test out his theory of unit production. Selznick also believed that the popular taste in pictures was far more discriminating than was that of the cinema magnates, and that the better the literary qualities a picture possessed the more eager the public would be to see it. He began to make "good pictures." The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executives were a bit leery at first but box-office reports vindicated Selznick completely.

He made the stage success *Dinner at Eight*. He took the book *Night Flight*, a success with both public and critics, and made a fine picture out of it. He made *Anna Karenina*, *David Copperfield* and *The Tale of Two Cities*. All were enormous hits.

## Myron Wasn't Bashful

Hollywood began talking about this young man who was making box-office pictures out of what had always been considered musty, heavy classics. Where had he obtained his amazing instinct, his inherent good taste? They forgot the gentle mother of David who remained so unobtrusively in the background. David inherited more from his mother than he did from his father. Today Mrs. Lewis J. Selznick is known as one of the most charming women in Hollywood, aging gracefully and beautifully, proud in her sons and only she knows how often both David and Myron come to her for advice. Other producers had technical knowledge. David's technical knowledge was supplemented by an instinct for what was worth while in literature and pictures. This he never learned. This was a heritage from his mother.

In 1935, David O. Selznick was thirty-three. The time was ripe, he felt, once more to fling a banner bearing the name of Selznick across the picture firmament. That year he resigned from M-G-M to form Selznick International Pictures, Inc., with himself as president, John Hay Whitney as chairman of the board, and with Dr. A. H. Giannini, Robert Lehman, C. V. Whitney, Lloyd Wright, and—of all people—Myron Selznick, as directors.

Now he could create pictures from the ground up. When a picture was finished it was his picture. The success of Selznick International was phenomenal. Two years ago M-G-M wanted David back. He was offered the largest salary perhaps ever offered to any living man for mere services.

He found it difficult to explain why he had scorned that amazing offer.

"At M-G-M," he explained hesitatingly, "I would be supervising the making of pictures. I wouldn't be creating them. Here in my own company I create pictures. I start with nothing and end up with a picture. I have an active part in every phase of its production. That's a lot of fun."

Now we have forgotten Myron. Let's get back to him. We left him playing around with Lewis Milestone and not doing much of anything else.

Myron decided to be an agent. He was an agent without a client. But Mile-



"It's a new novel about the Civil War. The South wins it"

A. JOHN KAURUS

in the hills; had gone in search of adventure. They'd had a great time too.

"But where's my car?" David stormed.

Myron looked blankly at Milestone. Milestone looked equally blankly at Myron.

"That's right," Myron said. "Where's the car?"

They had left it somewhere and to this day neither remembers where. By now David began to make some progress at M-G-M. They needed someone to make shorts and David could best be spared for that unhappy job. One week he went on location and returned with two pictures in the can instead of one.

"How did you do that?" Boss Louis B. Mayer demanded.

"Easy," David told him, "I went on location with two scripts, two sets of stars, and one supporting cast. I worked the cast twice."

Mayer blinked and reminded himself to watch this youngster. David was twenty-four then. He made several detours but he was never seriously headed. He left M-G-M for Paramount and as associate producer there he made some fine pictures, notably, *Forgotten Faces*, *Street of Chance*, and *Four Feathers*.

He was not entirely happy, however.



1 Triceratops with his armored helmet roamed America millions of years ago. He resembled a rhinoceros and is...

2 ...pictured here to remind you of the great age of the crude oils from which Sinclair Motor Oils are refined. Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil is...

3 ...expertly refined from oldest Mid-Continent crudes—mellowed and filtered in the earth millions of years before dinosaurs lived. Opaline stands up better and lasts longer in use. Ask your Sinclair dealer for Sinclair Opaline.

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stone didn't have a job. He would get Milestone a job. He heard that they needed a director at United Artists.

"Don't be bashful," Milestone pleaded. "Ask them for \$300 a week."

Myron wasn't bashful. He asked for two thousand a week and got \$1,750. It had been easy. Best of all, he had put the deal over on Johnny Considine, who had fired him not so long before.

This, decided Myron, was the business for him. He was the first to persuade directors and writers that they needed agents. Actors would say to producers, "See Myron. He's handling me." The producers growled but they had to see Myron.

Then came the bold stroke that served notice on the producers that a formidable enemy had come to challenge their authority. There had been a "gentlemen's agreement" among producers not to raid studios. That is, if an actor or an actress was dissatisfied at one studio he or she couldn't quit to negotiate somewhere else. No other producer would do business with the player. Thus players could not sell themselves in the open market to those who might want to bid for their services. It was not a matter of ethics with producers. They were merely keeping the salaries of stars down. Paramount had three great stars then: William Powell, Ruth Chatterton and Kay Francis, all clients of Myron. Myron knew that Warner Brothers, on the verge of a large program, wanted all three of them. Overnight he took his three clients out of Paramount and signed them with Warners'. Each received twice the salary Paramount had paid. Then he nabbed Constance Bennett from Pathé and got Warner Brothers to sign her for \$30,000 a week. The war was on.

Ben P. Schulberg of Paramount phoned him and snarled, "In a year people will be saying, 'Whatever happened to Myron Selznick?'"

Adolph Zukor said coldly, "Myron, you have cost the industry fifty million dollars this year."

"I haven't started yet," Myron said.

#### Ten Per Cent of All They Earn

A producer phoned him and said, "Myron, we producers have raised a fund of three million dollars to drive you out of Hollywood."

"Give me two million in cash and I'll quit," Myron said and hung up. But he wouldn't have quit.

By 1933 Selznick had every client he wanted. Stars who had thought they were overpaid at \$2,000 a week were now getting \$5,000 a week. Directors, writers—all of them were basking in a new prosperity started by Myron.

"Stars should get the money while they can," Myron says. "They don't last long."

All of Myron's clients sign for five years. He gets ten per cent of all they earn.

Myron has an infinite capacity for living, for enjoying in his own way the fruits of his struggles. But Myron is no fool. He has irrevocable trust funds that he can't touch. Gambling is his relaxation. And he never gambles away any part of the estate that he has earmarked for his wife and child. Myron's business now is such that neither flood, lightning nor depressions can destroy it. It isn't generally known but Myron, in addition to owning Myron Selznick and Company, Ltd., himself, owns good parts of many other agencies; no one knows which except income-tax people. A Selznick client gets a lot for his ten per cent. Myron maintains a business department that takes care of all household bills, investments and income-tax problems of clients if they want to take advantage of it. Myron makes a lot of money but he gives value received. He is devoted to his wife, the former Mar-

jorie Daw, and to his child Joan. There is nothing that they can't have.

At present Myron is engaged in a feud with Darryl Zanuck and Joe Schenck of Twentieth Century-Fox and the whole industry is watching it with enjoyment. Myron felt that Zanuck was not giving Loretta Young enough money. He felt that her box-office draw was infinitely greater than what she was getting. He and Zanuck parried back and forth and finally Myron got him to raise the ante. He offered a contract that would net Loretta something like three million dollars in seven years. Myron didn't want Loretta tied up to Twentieth Century for that long. Loretta agreed.

Zanuck in a wild rage announced that Myron Selznick was barred from the Fox lot. Selznick laughed at him. How it will come out no one knows. Hollywood knows this though: clients are loyal to Myron. They know that he works for

"Give me \$35,000 and we'll give you a further extension," he said coldly.

David had to give in. March got \$35,000 (less ten per cent) for the delay. There are those in the agency business who grumble that Myron and David work hand in hand, and that David gets first call on all of Myron's clients. Actually this isn't true. Today David has only two of Myron's stars under contract to him: March and Carole Lombard.

#### 200 Leading Players Under Contract

Today every producer hates and fears Myron Selznick. They hate him because he forces them to pay stars three times what they were being paid before Myron represented them. They hate him because he is one of the very few Hollywood agents who represent their clients and not the producers. Most agents go to producers with hat in hand



them alone against their natural enemies, the producers, who are always trying to get them as cheaply as possible.

When David negotiates with Brother Myron for the services of a star he gets no advantage other producers do not get. Some time ago Myron sold Fredric March to David. The starting date for the picture was named and it was agreed that March's salary, \$15,000 a week, was to start on that date. A few days before, David phoned and said that the picture wasn't ready to be shot because the script wasn't ready. Could he have a week's extension? Grumbling, Myron gave David an extra week. Once more David phoned to ask for another week. Myron hung up on him.

#### He Had to Give In

"You report for work tomorrow," Myron told March. "Report every day for a week and then go in for your check. If it isn't there we'll sue David."

It wasn't there. David hadn't been able to okay the script. David pleaded for more time. He wouldn't start shooting the picture until the script was perfect. Myron laughed at him. Finally Myron agreed to a compromise.

and with humility in their hearts. Myron storms into the offices of producers demanding things—or else. He snarls at them, abuses them and considers them to be his natural enemies. But he has the weapons to defeat them. Some of his weapons are Kay Francis, Katharine Hepburn, Miriam Hopkins, Carole Lombard, Myrna Loy, Merle Oberon, Fredric March, Ginger Rogers, Loretta Young and Margaret Sullavan. Others are Fred Astaire, Warner Baxter, Adolphe Menjou, Errol Flynn, George Raft, William Powell, Pat O'Brien. Some of the directors whom he handles include Frank Capra, Gregory LaCava, George Cukor, John Cromwell, Tay Garnett, Ernst Lubitsch, Leo McCarey and William Wellman. In all he has under contract more than 200 of the leading players, directors and writers. They give him absolute *carte blanche* in making contracts for them.

David and Myron are sons of the same father and each inherited certain qualities from him. David, for instance, inherited a love for reading. The elder Selznick was an amazing reader and he made his sons read every book he thought was good. Some of those he gave to David as a kid were Little

Lord Fauntleroy, David Copperfield, The Tale of Two Cities, Tom Sawyer—David learned to love those stories. I sat in his office and he talked of his father and of the books.

"I never realized before," he said, "why I always wanted to make Copperfield and those other pictures that I made. Now I know it was because they were favorites of my father. I never realized it. . . ."

Lewis J. Selznick lives in David and in Myron. David has his knack of making quick decisions. The story of how he bought *Gone With the Wind* has got to be almost a Hollywood legend. David read the manuscript of the novel a few weeks before it was published. He immediately offered fifty thousand dollars for picture rights. He had more faith in the book than either the publishers or the author. A month after its publication he was offered \$350,000 for the picture rights to it. That would have been a nice profit but he turned it down.

"I want to make that picture," he says when you ask him about it. His associate, Jock Whitney, and his financial associates swear by David. They all took a tremendous risk when he produced *A Star is Born*. To begin with, David brought Janet Gaynor back from comparative obscurity to star in the picture. She was under contract to Darryl Zanuck, who readily released her to Selznick with a chuckle. He thought he was selling David a dead horse.

#### An Agile Mind

He was wrong this time. In the picture, Selznick, confident that Gaynor would be a tremendous hit, put a few sly words into the mouth of Adolphe Menjou who was playing the producer. When he signs up the unknown girl and decides to star her immediately, Menjou looks at the camera and says, "Everyone will say that I'm crazy, but I'll take a chance on her." David stuck in that line of dialogue. Gaynor was tremendous, the picture was the biggest money-maker of 1937 and David Selznick was completely vindicated.

In that picture, too, technicolor gained its majority. Pictures in color had been made but always the color was in the nature of a stunt, an added attraction. Selznick took technicolor in his stride. It wasn't allowed to intrude upon the action. The Whitneys had a lot of money in technicolor. *A Star is Born* helped them get some of it out.

David has a mind that scurries like a dry leaf in a wind. It touches on everything. He can run every department of his studio better perhaps than the man he has appointed to run it. His technical knowledge is astounding. William Wellman, who directed and did a great deal of the writing of *A Star is Born*, received an Academy prize for his work. He took the gold statuette from President Frank Capra and then walked to the table where David was sitting.

"You ought to get this," Wellman said. "You wrote more of it than I did."

Both David and Myron love to gamble. They'll gamble with a picture or with a roulette wheel. They work hard and they play hard.

Myron makes so much money that he never knows just how much he is worth. David doesn't make as much and he is always broke. He could get credit for two million dollars if he wished, but more than once he's asked some studio employee to lend him fifteen cents to buy a package of cigarettes. Last March he had to stop his plans for the making of his next three pictures—plans that call for the expenditure of perhaps six million dollars—long enough to send a messenger to Myron asking for enough cash to pay the first installment on his income tax.

David's father was like that.



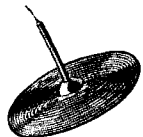


## THE MOTORIST WHO KNOWS TAKES DRIVING WOES TO BOWES

*The Bowes "Seal-Fast" Sign on Any Shop  
Marks the Best Place You Can Stop*

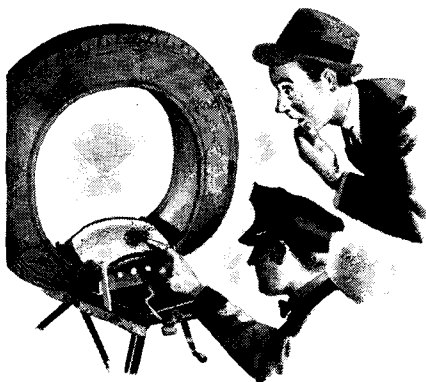
**Calling all Drivers!—  
In order to tell  
Of a motoring service  
You'll say is swell!**

Most everyone knows  
That service is Bowes  
Anywhere in the nation  
You'll find a Bowes station—  
(You'll know the Bowes line  
By the Red-and-White Sign!)



If a nail pokes through your tire  
And it loses all its air,  
Something tells us you should get  
A Bowes Safety Tirepair.

First we use our Check-N-Spect—  
(For it we have a great respect.)  
It spreads the casing inside out  
And shows us what the trouble's about—  
Or if the puncture's one or more  
So we can seal it as before.



When we fix a tire we don't burn  
Or "cook" your rubber to a turn;  
For we think "cooking" even a little  
Is apt to make the casing brittle.

The reason we're sure  
We're practically right is:  
"Burning" may lead  
to Rubber Arthritis.

Then we "skive" it with a "skiver"  
Put live rubber next to live-er—  
For rubber-to-rubber we have found  
Holds tighter than a trick compound.

For old-fashioned "Boots"  
We don't give two hoots—  
They slip and they slide  
And unbalance your ride.

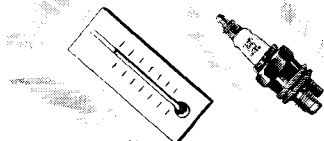
Another thing—we've got the answer  
To what we call a "Tire Cancer";  
(Racing drivers named it so—  
They're the ones who ought to know)  
"Tire Cancer" makes casings rot—  
They may blow out as like as not!

That's why we state: "Fix Casings, too!"  
Or you'll tempt Fate—we're warning you!

It's a patented process exclusive with us;  
But it puts safer rubber on anyone's bus.

But if you think  
We're just Tire Nurses—  
You'd better read  
More of these verses.

From tire to top and front to rear—  
Whatever your car needs may be—  
You'll find a product made by Bowes—  
And backed by the Bowes guarantee.

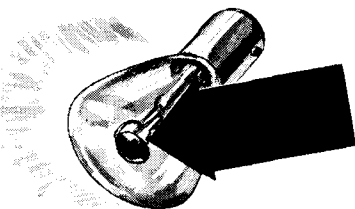


For Spark Plugs drivers should adore us  
They're peppier than a Metro chorus—  
So sing it, swing it, or just shake it—  
"These are the plugs that sure can take it!"

For they don't burn out  
If your engine's hot;  
And they don't foul up  
If your engine's not!

They won't miss and they won't smut,  
They spark you on with a putt-putt-putt;  
The secret's in their wide heat range—  
Come on in for a Spark Plug Change.

Bowes light bulbs you will really praise.  
They concentrate your driving rays.  
You'll get more glare-less light per hour  
On no more use of candle-power.



Our wedge-shaped Fan Belt is a pippin—  
It turns fans longer without slippin'.

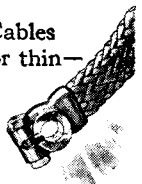


About Bowes Polish thousands rave—  
It'll shine so bright you could see to shave.



Bowes Polish is just one of many  
Chemical Products—ask for any;  
They stop tank leaks or dress your top,  
And dirt from cars our Dust Cloths mop.

Our KoRoDLESS Battery Cables  
Out-perform through thick or thin—  
By keeping out corrosion  
They keep more current in!



To simplify our service more  
We've Six Departments like a store:  
The First sells Tirepair, and Two  
Has Spark Plugs we've explained to you;  
Lamp Bulbs, again, are somewhere else,  
While Section Four displays Fan Belts;  
Chemical Products have their own section,  
So have Battery Cables for easy selection.

In other words: our line's complete,  
Our dealers smart and their stations neat.

But the main thing we hope you remember  
When you see the "Seal-Fast" Seal—  
"Here's a new-fashioned kind of  
Service  
With the Old-Fashioned kind of  
Square Deal!"



# Bowes Safety Tirepair System

BOWES "SEAL-FAST" CORPORATION, Indianapolis, Ind., Hamilton, Ont., London, Eng.



# The Glass Slipper

By Mignon G. Eberhart

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



"Rue, what is this?" "I don't know. I don't know—except that I couldn't see the clock"

## The Story Thus Far:

CRYSTAL HATTERICK, wife of Brule Hatterick, a noted Chicago physician, is ill. Attended by Dr. Andrew Crittenden, Hatterick's closest friend, she does well for a time, then suddenly dies.

Ten months later, Hatterick marries a nurse—one of two nurses who had cared for Crystal. Some time after the marriage, an anonymous letter-writer (hinting at murder) urges the police to investigate the first Mrs. Hatterick's death. Detectives interrogate Crittenden, who, believing that Rue Hatterick, Brule's second wife—the only person with Crystal when she died—is certain to be arrested, implores her to run away to Canada. He confesses that he loves her, wants to save her, if he can.

But Rue does not run away. She stays in Chicago, faces the police, and answers every question put to her. Then Juliet Garder (the other nurse in the case) calls on her. Juliet, a quiet girl whose habits heretofore have been exemplary, is intoxicated. She rambles on disconnectedly about the "murder"; and she appears to be on the verge of disclosing something of vital importance concerning Crystal's death. To sober her up, Rue gives her a cup of tea (brought by Gross, the butler); she takes a few sips—and falls dead!

Living with the Hattericks in their beautiful home are: Madge Hatterick, Brule's daughter by Crystal; and Steven Hendrie, a young composer. Hendrie, whose health is poor, is under Brule's care. He is engaged to Alicia Pelham, once Crystal's best friend. Both Alicia and Madge hate Rue. . . . The police, notified of Juliet's death, arrive; also, Guy Cole, a brilliant criminal lawyer who lives next door and who will defend Rue, if she is indicted. Everyone—including the servants—is questioned. And one curious fact at least is brought to light: Gross, the butler, had not let Juliet into the house.

A post-mortem examination reveals that Juliet had been given some synthetic poison. The experts promise to name that poison later.

That night, Rue tosses restlessly in her bed as she tries to remember something—perhaps something Juliet had told her—which may enable her to clear up the mystery. After a time, she drifts off to sleep—to be awakened by someone moving about in her room. She turns on the light. No one is there. In the morning the maid comes in. "Shall I throw this out, Madam?" she asks. She holds out a glass. Rue takes the glass. On the bottom is a sifting of gray-white powder!

V

WHAT—what is it, Madam? You look so—I'd better call Doctor." Rachel put down the tray hurriedly and started for the door.

Rue was still standing there in white pajamas like a frightened child when Brule came—hurriedly, unshaven, in his dressing gown. He took the glass and looked, and said to the maid: "All right. You can go."

Rachel went reluctantly. Brule closed the door.

"Rue, what is this?"

"I don't know. I don't know—except that I couldn't see the clock."

She told him, stammering, not quite coherent. When she'd finished he said: "Get back into bed. You're trembling with cold. Here—"

He put down the glass and held the tray while she clambered into bed again, and then put it across her lap. He adjusted her pillows and pulled an eider-down up over her feet.

He went back to look at the glass.

"What is it, Brule?"

"I don't know. But if it's what I think it is—well, we'll soon know. I'll take it to a place I know and find out exactly what's in it. Meantime—" He frowned. "Rue, I'd better tell you." He came back to stand beside her. It was cold in the little room; he pulled his dressing gown tighter around him; his hair was wet and ruffled.

"Tell me what?"

"About last night. I was called away on the first phony errand in my experience."

"You—I thought you went to the hospital."

"No, I didn't," said Brule grimly. "They—whoever telephoned said they were afraid to move the fellow; said I'd have to come out there; gave me an address out toward Cicero; I didn't like the sound of it but I—hell, I never thought of it being a plant. Nothing happened

(Continued on page 39)



GABRIEL HEATTER...FAMOUS RADIO COMMENTATOR, PRESENTS A

# 9th Hole Broadcast

"THE VOTE'S IN! By an overwhelming majority, Tom Collins has been elected America's No. 1 Summer drink. And Hiram Walker gins are the choice of the people when they make this tall, cool thirst-quencher! Actual records show that America buys more Hiram Walker gins than any other kind."

## How to make a Tom Collins for Two

2 teaspoons of Powdered Sugar  
Juice of 1 large Lemon  
3 ozs. of Hiram Walker's Gin\*

Shake well with cracked ice and strain into a tall glass. Add cube of ice, fill up with club soda and stir well. Decorate with maraschino cherry and slice of orange.

\*Be sure you use Hiram Walker's Distilled London Dry Gin. It's made by Hiram Walker's exclusive Controlled Condensation Process that insures uniform flavor. And what a difference that makes in any gin drink!



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Home is full of happiness, the  
One place you love best—  
May it always mean for you  
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THE "ONE PLACE YOU LOVE BEST"—

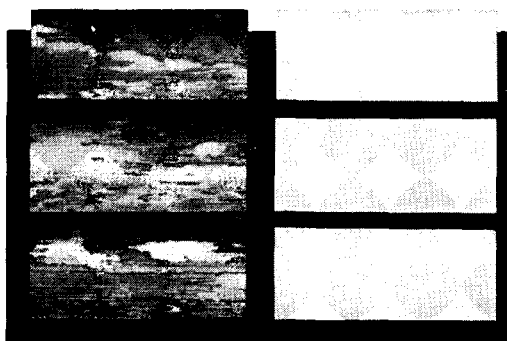
*May flowers are blooming again! Time for that home of yours to shed its dingy old coat. Time for those four walls to blossom out in brave new colors.*

So call up your painting contractor today. Tell him you want one of those *modern* color schemes that Dutch Boy decorators have worked out. There's nothing like a change of color, you know, to give you that refreshing feeling of having moved into a new house.

But when it comes to the paint itself, your painting contractor is not interested in "something different". He sticks to a time-tried formula. He gives you the proven protection of Dutch Boy White-Lead.

Why? Because he knows that Dutch Boy does not crack and scale. That's why, in the long run, a Dutch Boy job is so much cheaper than "cheap" paint (see photographic proof at right). Dutch Boy lasts longer, wears down slowly by gradual chalking leaving a smooth, unbroken surface. So when it finally is necessary to repaint, you make two substantial savings: (1) There are no "cheap" paint remnants to be burned off. (2) Since the surface is intact, it is not necessary to apply a new priming coat.

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#### "CHEAP" PAINT

"Quitting" already—after only a short period of service. Right after this picture was taken, the paint had to be burned off at a cost of \$60. Owner was also forced to pay for a new priming coat. All this is expense he never figured on.

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Four years old and still in excellent condition. House in same section as "cheap" paint job. Not a sign of cracking and scaling. And at repaint time, there will be no expensive burning off and no new priming coat to pay for.

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# The Glass Slipper

Continued from page 36

to me; I just found the street finally and went up and down hunting the number that had been given me."

Quickening alarm must have shown in her face for he interrupted himself to say reassuringly: "I wasn't alone. I got Kendal up to take me; I'm not such a fool as to go to a new patient and an address I never heard before, in the middle of the night. And besides all that, the policeman somebody left here in the house—God knows why!—conceived it to be his duty to go along. Kendal had his revolver. So all three of us chased up and down the street a while looking for the number with a flashlight, and cursing, finally routing out a cop on his neighborhood beat and he said there was no such number. Woman on the telephone spoke with a foreign accent; I couldn't understand her very well; talked as if she had mush in her mouth and a clothespin on her nose. May have been a man. Said the nonexistent patient had been hurt in an accident and was having a hemorrhage. Well, we live and learn."

"**BRULE!**" It was a wavering breathless little sound composed of relief and terror.

He smiled and leaned over to pat her hand as it lay on the white silk-covered eiderdown.

"It's okay. I'll never do it again—" he stopped abruptly. Conjecture was in his eyes. "Good God, Rue, I never thought of that. It was to get me away from the house—me and the cop downstairs. It was while I was gone—"

After a moment she said: "But I don't know anything about Crystal's murder. Julie didn't tell me anything. There's nothing—"

He sat down on the edge of the bed. "Listen, Rue. It's occurred to you, of course, that you were not supposed to

see Julie; if Gross had not happened into the front of the house just when he did Julie would have died before she spoke to you. Somewhere there's been a careful planning of time—time for the poison to take effect. Time to make sure Julie was definitely removed from whoever murdered her before the poison could kill her. Time to prevent her from reaching you—and she wouldn't have reached you if Gross hadn't found her." He paused and said: "You must know something. Think. Think hard."

"I can't, Brule. There's nothing. I told you exactly what Julie told me—" What was it Andy had said? Something about not telling anyone what Julie had said; something that warned her without warning her. Something that—

Had he meant Brule? Had he tried to warn her against Brule, even while Andy himself was still too loyal and too faithful to Brule to express his doubts openly?

Brule had been in the house when Crystal died. Brule had frankly admitted (or was it so frank an admission as it had managed to sound?) that he'd doubted the publicly offered and publicly accepted reason for her death. Brule had coolly and calmly gone about covering up any possible query concerning it.

Brule said slowly:

"It would be an incredibly daring thing to do—and I don't understand—" He didn't finish that either. He rose and said instead crisply: "We'll not tell the police of this, Rue. Nor anyone. Not yet. It may prove to be nothing; I'll take the glass. All right, my dear. You'd better stay in the house today—I mean, don't take any chances."

He went away without another word. Half an hour later he knocked and put his head briefly in the doorway to tell her that he was going to the hospital.



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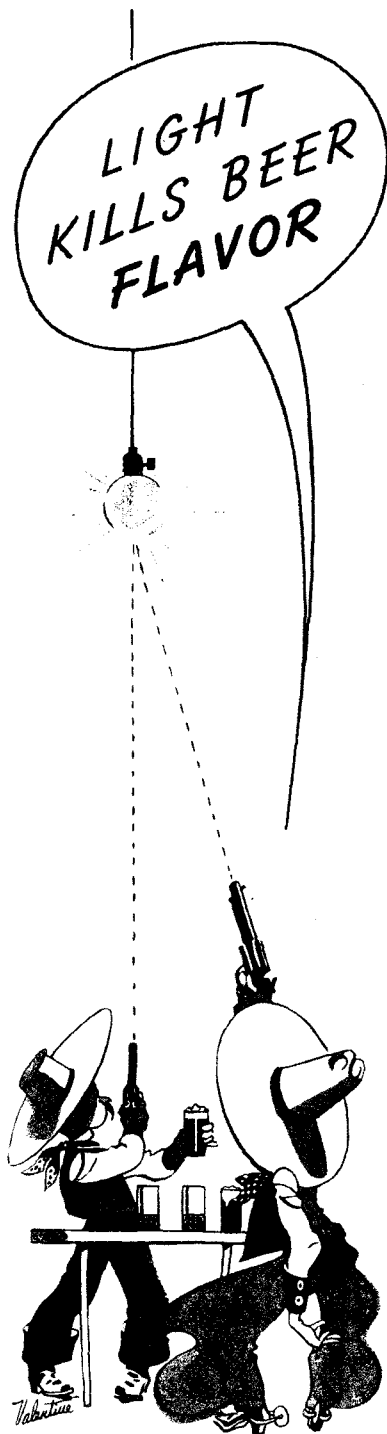
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"Don't look at the papers, Rue," he said as if they were unimportant. "It's just one of those things; a Roman holiday. I told Gross to throw them out." That was like Brule; to tell her not to look at the newspapers and in the next breath explain that she had no choice because they'd already been thrown out.

But one was on the hall table when she went downstairs and she read it, slowly, with cringing recognition. It was a late edition, however, and stated baldly the decisions, such as they were, of the police department.

**JULIET GARDER** had been murdered; they said it flatly, in black and white. And her murder had followed the opening of a police inquiry into the death, a year ago, of Crystal Hatterick. A third statement emerged from the welter of print, and this was that the theory held by the police was that both women had been murdered by the same person and by much the same means, and that by concentrating on the murder of Juliet Garder they would solve also the problem of the murder of Crystal Hatterick.

They gave no specific reason for the theory; they didn't need to. It was almost fatally reasonable; Brule had foreseen it. It was the only workable, practicable, wholly tenable theory.

The poison was named in garbled general terms; there's a well-founded prejudice on the part of the police against announcing to the general public any particularly efficient but not well and familiarly known method of murder. And an inquest would be held the next day.

Inquest. Rue's breath caught; that meant she would have to attend as a witness. That meant—or might mean—anything.

Andy came about noon; he had news, he told her at once, and closed the door of the library so no one would hear. But Steven had taken refuge in his studio and Madge and Alicia (whom Rue had not seen that morning) were with him. Madge had refused to speak that morning, childishly but rather dreadfully, if Rue were in the room. Rue had tried to talk to her; had tried, seeing the child's obvious distress, to make at least a friendly gesture. It was instantly, coldly repulsed with the brutal rudeness that only a child can show.

Yet Madge, in her very rudeness, was pathetic. Steven again had understood. "Come into the studio, Madge. We'll talk."

"Alone?" said Madge. "Except for Alicia, of course."

"Yes—if you must have it."

"I'll call Alicia. She was tired and slept late." She went away and Steven gave Rue an apologetic, troubled look. Steven had slept no better than anyone; his eyes had dark pockets around them and he couldn't eat.

And then Andy came.

He talked to her for a long time while Crystal watched from above the mantel. Watched and listened coldly with the chill, remote smile on her painted face.

"You've read the papers?"

"Yes."

"You read what they say is the reason for Julie's murder? That it was because a police inquiry has opened into Crystal's death?"

"Yes, yes, Andy. But—"

"Listen, Rue. I've been at the hospital this morning. Do you know whom I saw the moment I got out of my car? A detective. Standing at the door. There were others inside. They'd been at the nurses' dormitory; they'd gone through all of Julie's things; they'd taken letters and papers from her room to be examined. The nurses told me they'd been questioning, questioning—They've been at my place already this morning; they've been at the office talking to the

office girl, talking to the office nurse, talking to the elevator boys and doorman. They—God, Rue, it's like a trap—hundreds of traps everywhere. But the whole, horrible meaning is that they're going to arrest you."

"Andy—"

"Yes. They'll have to; there's nothing else to do. It's—why, they've questioned the nurses all about you. It's all over the hospital. They've asked about you and Brule—how well you'd known each other before Crystal's death—about your sudden marriage—they've looked up your record at the hospital from the time you entered it eight years ago. They've pried and questioned and tried to induce people to say damaging things, and Rue—Rue, my darling, let's leave. Before you're arrested. It's a matter of hours and I can't stand to see you—" He stopped. She was standing facing him, sickened by the pictures his words put before her. He took her in his arms and pleaded with her. "Come with me, dear. What does any of it matter if we have each other safe? You don't know, Rue, how horrible it'll be for you. The things people will say; the newspapers, the accusations. They'll say—they are saying now—that it was because you and Brule wanted to marry that—Crystal was killed—"

"Andy. You know that isn't true." Her voice was harsh and strained.

"Of course I know it isn't true! I've known all along."

He pushed his hands worriedly through his hair; it was a boyish gesture. So was the impatient movement with which he flung away from her and then back toward her again. As if torn with inner conflict and indecision, he cried:

"I've got to tell you the whole truth, Rue. For your own sake." His mouth trembled a little as if he hated the thing he was going to do. "You'd have to know sometime. And I've been loyal long enough. It's you, now, I'm going to put first. Listen, Rue, last night—no, night before last, when I came to take you to the opera—well, Brule sent me."

"Yes?"

"Well, he used to send me to take his place with Crystal, too. To take her to parties and to the opera and—"

All at once the room seemed unbearably hot and the dark day spread confusing shadows in the corners. Andy went on, jerkily:

"And do you remember when we waited for the car we saw a coupé like Brule's and a woman—"

"A—woman—"

"He sent me to be with you so as to leave him free to go to her. Exactly as it used to be when Crystal was alive—"

"Alicia—" whispered Rue.

"Alicia. It's been going on for years."

**ALWAYS** conscious of Crystal's portrait, it seemed to Rue that she had never been so strongly aware of it and aware of Crystal's enigmatic, knowing eyes and the half-smile on her thin lips. The library was quiet for a moment but it was a charged silence full of meanings and unuttered words. From the studio came the soft tinkling sound of Steven's piano; Steven playing for Alicia while Madge sat and listened and brooded—sullenly, hating Rue.

The dull gray daylight pressed fog-gily against the windows; the light upon Brule's big desk spread a downward glow that left the corners of the book-lined room in shadow. She knew Andy was waiting for her to speak. She had turned abruptly away from him and walked to the desk, where she stood, forcing herself not to look at Crystal's portrait, to overcome that strong awareness of it. She said at last, while Andy, with a kind of compunction in his silence, waited:

"I can't believe it."

"But it's true," Andy told her gravely.



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"But Crystal—" Rue murmured. "I know." She turned again to look at him. "I know, Rue—that was the ugly thing about it. I would do anything for Brule; he's done so much for me. I didn't question him; I've never questioned him about anything. The first few times he sent me to take Crystal somewhere she'd set her heart on going, I thought nothing of it. It seemed so—so perfectly comprehensible. Brule is terrifically busy; he's great. He's—" He hesitated and said boyishly, "He's not like other men. I've always done what he told me to do; I didn't quite realize—perhaps I didn't want to realize—how things were drifting along and where we were all headed. It wasn't fair to Crystal; it wasn't fair to anybody—"

"Steven," said Rue. "Alicia's engaged to Steven; he's in love with her."

"I know; look here, Rue; I know I was at fault about Crystal but what could I do! It all came about so gradually; Crystal was so much older than I that I—it didn't occur to me that she would—oh, hell, Rue, I can't say it. Do you understand?"

An older and fading and very vain woman's infatuation for a young and attractive man. And that woman the wife of the man who, of all other people in the world, had his guiding hand upon Andy's career, who, as Andy freely and frankly said, had done "everything" for him.

"Yes," said Rue slowly. "I suppose I understand. You—ought to have had more courage, Andy."

"God, Rue, don't you suppose I know that now! Don't you suppose I tried every way to—to escape the thing when I saw what Brule—I mean what I had let myself in for. I wasn't in love with Crystal; I was tremendously fond of her; we were good friends for a while. Then—well, there's no good talking about it. I had my loyalty to Brule; I had a kind of loyalty to Crystal—she'd been so damn' good to me, Rue. I couldn't go to Brule and say, see here, I can't take your wife out as you insist on my doing because I think she's—well, fallen in love with me. I couldn't—"

"What did you expect to do? Eventually, I mean?"

ANDY looked tired and white. "I didn't know," he said. "I kept hoping something would break. Alicia—Steven—it seemed to me that, when they married, Brule would go back to Crystal and I would be—set free. I know, it sounds crazy, Rue; but think of my obligation to Brule."

"How long has Alicia been engaged to Steven? Two years or so, isn't it?"

"About that. Alicia keeps putting him off. And Steven's really in love with her. He worships beauty and she's so beautiful."

So beautiful, thought Rue with a queer little stab in her heart, that Brule is in love with her, too; for years, Andy had said. Years.

She avoided Andy's anxious, troubled gray eyes; she took up a paper knife on the desk and turned it in her fingers and forced herself to ask the question she must ask.

"When Crystal died, then, and Brule was free to marry, why didn't he marry Alicia?"

Again the library was very still; the music from Steven's studio rose in a crescendo: "Arabesque of Night" he called it, fancifully; it was the thing he'd been playing at the very moment Julie died—Rue recognized its insistent, almost hypnotic rhythmic bass, emphasized by the muffling of distance that shut out the treble notes. Andy was finding it difficult to reply, she thought; poor Andy. She'd been unjust. That was because she'd seen the look in Crystal's eyes when Andy entered the room.

At last he said: "Rue, I can't answer

that without hurting you. I've got to know first—do you love Brule? Or is it just hero worship? Why did you marry him? I know it gave you money and position and security. I know that almost any woman would have jumped at the chance because of Brule's fame as well as because he's such a swell fellow. But you—I—I can't see you marrying anybody for any of those reasons. And yet I don't think you love him."

SHE turned the paper knife in her fingers, noting with exactness its carved ivory handle. The insistent beat of Steven's playing was the only sound in the room and it was as ever confusingly hypnotic, dulling thoughts and rationalization, drawing out emotion alone. Why had she married Brule—Brule who was in love with Alicia and had been in love with her for years?

Yet the knowledge wasn't exactly a shock. Or rather the shock was there but there'd been a faint disturbing warning of the thing. She remembered the night before when she and Guy had seen Alicia brush her cheek affectionately and with that unmistakable air of accustomedness against Brule's shoulder. Guy's expression hadn't changed. He'd said something and attracted the attention of the two in the doorway, but he hadn't looked surprised or in any way affected by the brief little scene. But then Guy must have known. Everyone must have known except herself and Steven. Steven so wrapped up in his music and in his dreams of beauty that a flaw in his beloved had never even been suspected. Exactly what, Rue wondered, was the status of the affair? Andy's words had obviously been chosen to give her, Rue, the least possible pain. Andy was waiting now for her reply. Why had she married Brule?

He moved nearer her; she felt his presence and would not, again, turn to meet his eyes. He said: "Won't you look at me, Rue? Won't you answer? You see—I thought, the night we went to the opera, that you loved me. As I love you."

"Don't, Andy."

"If it's because you don't want to hear what I have to say, all right. I'll not harass you. I—I love you too much. But if it's loyalty to Brule surely you see that that loyalty is a mistaken one."

"You haven't told me why he—married me and not Alicia." If only Steven would stop playing; it would be somehow so much easier to talk coolly and clearly so there'd be no more mistakes.

"You haven't answered me," said Andy, "or—perhaps you have. Have you, Rue?"

"No, no, Andy. I—" She moved away from him toward the end of the desk. "Don't you see I've got to know?"

"All right," said Andy. "I warned you I didn't want you to be hurt. But if it's only your pride—"

"Whatever it is, tell me."

"He married you because he and Alicia quarreled. After Crystal's death. Now, will you go away with me, dear? Before it's too late. I hate telling you this but it is because I love you so. Rue—they're going to charge you with Crystal's murder and with Julie's."

She said dully: "I didn't kill her."

So that was why Brule had come to her and asked her to marry him; had told her—so frankly, she'd thought—that it would be a marriage of mutual convenience, a sensible, companionable kind of thing. He'd said no word of loving her—or of wanting her to love him. He'd been honest so far as that at any rate. And if she thought in her heart that sometime, somehow he'd come to love her—well, she'd been foolish to think it. Mad, really. But she hadn't known that Alicia was her rival.

"Rue," said Andy impatiently. "Snap out of it. Forget Brule; I had to tell you

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for your own protection. So you'd realize you were morally free from him. Under no obligation. But forget him. Forget Alicia. Put the whole thing in the past. Let me take you away before—well," he said grimly, "before they fix it so that I can't take you away—"

The grim truth of the thing tore through her preoccupation; it was in its way salutary.

"They can't arrest me!"

"But they're going to, Rue. I know you didn't murder Julie. But you see, you gave her the tea. You were the one she came to see. If you come with me now, it will give them time to discover the real murderer. At this moment you are the obvious suspect—"

**S**HE walked around the desk and sat down. She wore a yellow sweater and a blue skirt and looked just then very young and defenseless. She was pale; her hair under the glow of the lamp looked burnished and soft; the night had left smudges around her eyes.

"Obvious suspect," repeated Andy and laughed shortly. "You!"

"Andy," she said slowly. "You said—that first night when you told me about Crystal and the letters to the police—that you thought she was murdered. You said you thought the police were right. Why did you think so?"

"Because of Alicia," said Andy. "There's no sense in beating about the bush any longer. I tried once to tell you some of what I knew without telling too much and it only made things worse for you. I thought Alicia—well, after all, Alicia was here the afternoon of Crystal's death. And Alicia stood to gain by her death. It would leave Brule free to marry Alicia with no trouble about a divorce and no hint of talk. It was for Alicia the easy way out and Alicia—somehow I've never thought that Alicia had any scruples in particular when it was something she wanted."

"But Crystal—Crystal practically supported Alicia, didn't she?"

Andy shrugged. "Yes—with Brule's approval. Perhaps at his instigation. Remember the situation between Alicia and Brule is—is a curious kind of thing; both of them are conventional at heart; both of them hate anything that appears vulgar, common—blatant. And yet they are frantically in love. It was a dreadful thing—Brule marrying you to hurt Alicia. I don't know what it was they quarreled about; I don't know when and how

they made up their quarrel except that when they did it was too late. Brule and you were already married. And Brule—to do him justice, Rue, I think he tried to break the thing off; I think as soon as he realized what he'd done (you know his temper; you know how furiously and quickly he reacts to anything)—well, I think when he realized what he'd done to you and to Alicia he really tried to break away from Alicia. But it was too strong for him. It—"

"Don't make me talk of it, Andy. The point is, now, Alicia is too civilized, too sophisticated to think of murder—"

"What a baby you are, Rue! Alicia is a polite and polished and beautiful savage. When did she turn up yesterday afternoon?"

"Just after Julie died. She—Alicia came into my room."

"Exactly. Had you known she was in the house?"

"N-no. She said she had come to see Madge. You heard what she said."

"Is there any reason why she shouldn't have given Julie the cocktail? While Julie waited. Or she could have met Julie outside and taken her some place and tried to persuade the girl not to talk. And perhaps—perhaps Julie wouldn't be persuaded; perhaps Alicia realized she'd have to poison again and simply, neatly, did so. Called Julie's attention to somebody passing and popped a capsule in the cocktail."

"Don't! Andy—it makes it sound so real!"

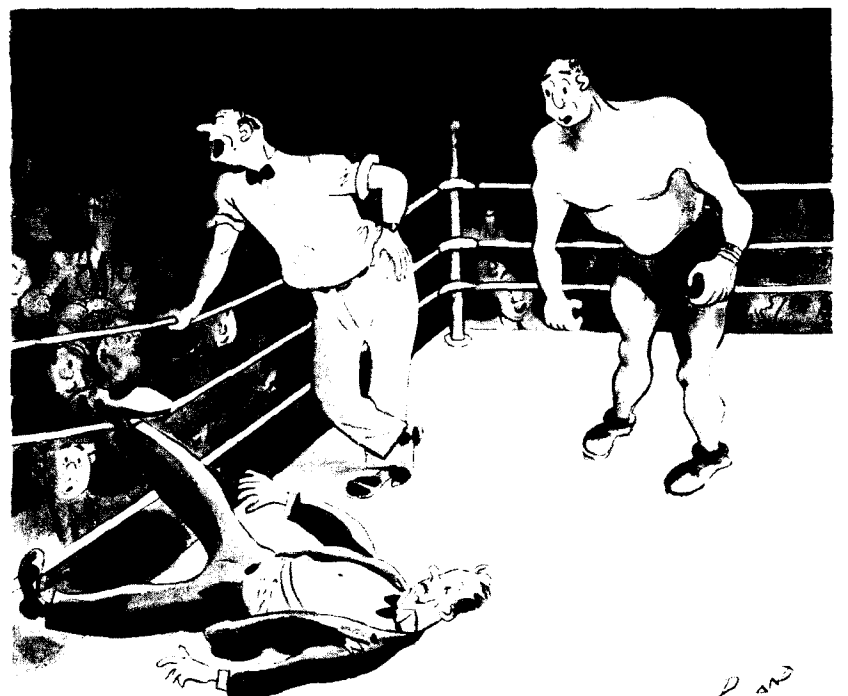
"**I**T WAS real," said Andy. Perhaps not just as I've described it but something like that must have happened. It could have been Alicia. Why not?" Andy rubbed his hands through his hair and replied to himself. "Why not? Because we can't prove it. She could have done it. But somebody else could have done it, too—proof is the thing we've got to have to clear you, and the thing we can't get."

"Alicia could have come to my room last night," said Rue. "But she couldn't have called Brule away—well, yes, she could have done that. But she—"

"Your room!" Andy stared at her and leaned his hands on the table to look closely into her face; his eyes were alert and frightened. "What do you mean?"

"I'm not sure it was anything, really," said Rue slowly, but told him the story.

"First time that has happened to Brule," said Andy. "I mean the phony



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ROLAND COE



call. It's one of those things doctors are on their guard against. Brule doesn't know yet what the powder in the glass is?"

"I don't think so. I've not seen him since early morning."

"It means," said Andy slowly, "that whoever did it thinks Julie managed to tell you something before she died. It means—good God, Rue, it means somebody's free to come and go in this house! Somebody who knew just how to get Brule—and the policeman who was left here last night—to leave the house."

He stopped abruptly. The strangest, still look came upon his face. "Rue—are you sure Brule left the house?"

And as she stared back at him, half afraid, half caught, testing the speculation that hovered almost tangibly in the air between them he said slowly, and strangely: "He's so strong, Rue. And so—so ruthless. You've seen it as I have. But, God, Rue—he couldn't have done this. Not to Crystal—"

**S**HE wanted to remind him of the things Brule had done; she didn't. She said gropingly:

"There are other people who were in the house or who could have got into the house last night. There's Madge and Alicia and Steven; Guy Cole comes and goes at will and always has—I don't know whether or not the house was locked last night—" She searched her mind for others and there were none except servants.

Andy said: "Madge is incalculable; she's like Crystal except she's got her father's strength, I think; his own queer ruthlessness. And she's—a child really; she wouldn't realize what she did."

"She didn't poison Crystal. She couldn't have poisoned Julie, for there'd be no motive for it and anyway—Andy, let's stick to facts."

"All right. Facts, then," said Andy. "Who had an alibi for the time poison must have been given Julie? How did she get into the house? How long had she been here when Gross found her and brought her to you? Whom had she seen here? What did she know?"

"Steven had an alibi," said Rue. "I heard him at the piano. I know he was there in his studio the whole time."

"I'm going to question Gross. May I?"

Gross came instantly. "Madam rang?" His blank eyes took in every detail of the little scene, the two of them talking earnestly, stopping abruptly when he opened the door.

"Gross, Mrs. Hatterick wants to know some things about yesterday. Close the door, please."

"Yes, sir." He closed the door quietly and advanced. He looked, as always, stolidly respectable.

"Now then, Gross, we understand that when the young lady arrived yesterday, you did not open the door for her?"

"That's right, sir."

"You told the police that?"

"Yes, sir. They asked. I don't know who let the young lady in; neither of the maids admit to it, sir, and it was the cook's rest period."

"How did she get in the house then?"

"I don't know, sir. I made sure the front door was locked as usual."

"You made sure?" Andy watched the butler for a moment and then said: "Are you really quite sure of that, Gross?"

"Well—" Gross' eyes wavered, went around the room and came back to Andy. "Reasonably so, sir. It is almost always locked. I mean with the night latch. Naturally there was a little confusion following the arrival of the police and all; I can't exactly swear that the front door was locked. But in any case the young lady wouldn't simply have opened the door and walked in."

"No, I suppose not," said Andy. "Although if she were confused, a little muddled in her mind, she might have

done just that. Opened the door, failed altogether to ring and simply walked into the house and sat down in the nearest chair. According to Mrs. Hatterick, the girl wasn't exactly sensible of what she was doing. You got that impression, too, I imagine, Gross."

"Well, yes, sir. Now that you ask me, I confess that I thought she was"—he coughed delicately with a side glance at Rue and said—"a little under the influence. I—was obliged to tell the police that, too."

"Good for you," said Andy. "That helps clear Mrs. Hatterick, you see. Stick to your story." Gross gave Rue a somewhat surprised and wondering glance; he hadn't, it was obvious, realized that such a statement had its value as indicating that Julie had been poisoned before she saw Rue. Andy went on: "And be sure you stick to it, up and down, no matter how much the police question you. Don't waver for an instant. She was poisoned already—before she saw Mrs. Hatterick!"

"Well, I—I wouldn't go so far—"

"Of course she was. No doubt of that, Gross. She had already been poisoned. How long had she been in the drawing room when you came upon her?"

"I—I wouldn't know—"

"Well, how long do you think? You were the only person who saw her there, weren't you?"

"I—oh, I couldn't be sure of that, sir. Anyone might have seen her there. I don't know, you see, how long she was in the house. I don't—"

Andy frowned: "Is that what you told the police?"

"I told them everything they asked—that I knew, of course, sir. They questioned the maids, too. Exhaustively, I might add, sir."

"Well, now, look here, Gross. If anyone had been with the girl when she arrived or if—say if Mrs. Hatterick herself had let the girl into the house as she didn't—but at any rate, if anyone had been with the girl and had talked to her, you would have known it, wouldn't you?"

"I—" he looked confused. "I don't know. You mean—"

"I mean if there were voices in the drawing room, you'd have known it?"

"I—well, I don't know, sir. Unless the bell goes, I'm usually in the back of the house during the midafternoon."

"WELL, at any rate, when you discovered the girl—"

"When I came to turn on the lights, sir, and pull the curtains and bring in the evening paper—"

"Exactly, when you discovered her sitting there, what did she say?"

"Just that she—she wished to see Mrs. Hatterick. It gave me rather a turn finding her just sitting there in the shadow of the curtain."

"Yes, of course. There was no glass—no cup—nothing like that—"

"Oh, no, sir."

"All right. Now listen, Gross—when you let Miss Pelham into the house—"

Gross looked blanker than ever and rather pale.

"I didn't open the door for Miss Pelham either."

Andy jumped to his feet: "What's that, Gross?"

"No, sir. Miss Pelham has a key—has had ever since Mrs. Hatterick—that is, the late Mrs. Hatterick's illness. The—late Mrs. Hatterick gave it to her. So she could come and go at will—they were, as you know very well, sir, the most intimate friends."

Silence again in the library. Andy said at last, slowly: "Then you don't know exactly when Miss Pelham arrived. Do you?"

"No, sir."

"Good." Andy had an air of triumph.

"That's all, thank you, Gross; be sure to

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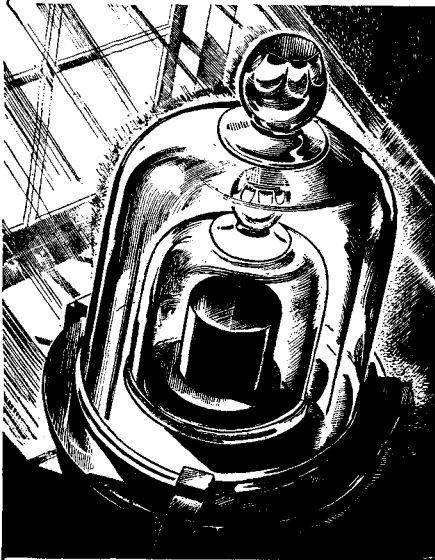
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stick to your story when the police return to question further. That's all—oh, yes; wait, there's something else. You remember during Mrs. Hatterick's illness a chart the nurses kept; that is, that Miss Garder and—” Gross was already nodding.

“Oh, yes, sir. I remember it very well. It was kept on the small table by the door along with her medicines.”

“Exactly. You've a good memory, Gross. Well, then after Mrs. Hatterick died, I expect you removed the chart yourself; when the room was cleaned, I mean.”

Doubt was again in Gross' face—doubt and a touch of bewilderment. “I—I can't say I remember seeing it, sir.”

“Think hard.”

“Yes, sir. But unless one of the maids took it—no, I'm quite sure I didn't put it away, sir.”

“I see. All right, Gross. I don't suppose it's important anyway. Thank you—that's all.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Gross and vanished quietly.

The door closed again and Rue said: “The chart. The police asked about it, too.”

“Yes. That's why I wondered. Funny—where it's got to. If Julie had it—”

“I don't think she had. She wasn't here after Crystal's death. And I haven't got it. Why, Andy?”

“I don't know,” said Andy. “It's just that the police want it—so I'd rather get hold of it first.”

“It's probably been destroyed long ago.”

“Yes. I suppose so. I'll warn Brule—yet, suppose Brule himself—” He gave the oddest little sound that was like a groan. “I can't face that, Rue; I've got to go on the theory that it isn't Brule. He—he couldn't have done this! I know his brilliance—I know he could have conceived and carried out such a plan coolly and as brilliantly as he operates—and as daringly. He's strong and he's ruthless—he's cruel when he has to be cruel—but he couldn't have done this. He couldn't—he didn't—but—” He swung desperately toward Rue. “But nevertheless—oh, Rue, my dear, haven't you seen and heard enough to convince you?”

Someone was in the hall. It was Brule, for they heard his quick footsteps and his voice speaking apparently to Gross. He opened the door and came into the room.

“Oh, hello there, Andy. Glad you're here; something rather—shocking has happened.”

Brule walked with his usual assured air of possession across the room and took a cigarette, pausing while he lighted it. The little flame was perfectly steady in his fine, skilled fingers.

**R**UE looked at the man who had married her. Married her because he'd quarreled with the woman he really loved. The beautiful sophisticated woman who had loved him for years before Rue's timid feet had ever crossed the threshold of the place that was now her home. My home? thought Rue and suddenly hated Alicia.

Brule settled himself abruptly in a chair.

“Don't go, Andy. The office girl said she thought you were here. I want you to hear what's happened. We've found some stuff in a glass—”

“I told him,” said Rue stiffly.

Brule shot her one dark glance that was instantly arrested and speculative, as if the very tones of her voice betrayed something of the thing Andy had told her.

If so, however, he didn't explore then and there but continued:

“Oh. Very well. Then you know the whole thing, Andy. Well, the thing is, it really was poison. I got a chemical re-

port on it—privately without letting the police know. It's an amazing combination of a hypnotic drug, some barbituric acid derivative, and morphine. Enough to kill a horse.”

“And no symptoms,” muttered Andy after a moment. “Not a symptom. You'd just die.”

“As Crystal died. As the nurse died,” said Brule coolly. “Yes—and it's only a question of time until the police isolate and identify the poison in Crystal's body and in Julie Garder's.”

“Time,” said Andy. “Time—that's what we need, Brule. Time—”

“For what?” said Brule. “There's nothing we can do.”

**T**HERE might be,” said Andy. “It may take them weeks to find exactly what the girl died of; it often takes two or three weeks when the laboratory fellows don't know what they're looking for. And in this case there are a hundred harmless sedatives that are hypnotics. Well, in the length of time it will take to pin down the exact drugs anything can happen. I call it a godsend if you ask me. Arsenic now, or—oh, strychnine or any of a dozen other poisons would have been so easily detected.”

“There'd have been symptoms if it'd been arsenic or strychnine. Or as you say, any of a dozen other drugs in lethal quantity. The beauty of this particular combination—to the murderer's mind—is that an overdose of it would certainly induce just what it did induce: a confused heavy drowsiness growing into a coma, and presently death. The hypnotic might check the almost instantaneous action of the morphine—although it might not; they might work simultaneously. And they may have been in a capsule, which would delay their action. In Crystal's case, however, the thing was exactly what the murderer wanted. She fell into a heavy sleep and died without showing signs of typical morphine poisoning, which would have given us a clue and allowed us to administer what antidote we could have administered at that stage. With the nurse's case it's different; from what you've told me, Rue, and from what Gross told me, it sounds as if something went wrong—either the quantities were not as they had been with Crystal, or the nurse reacted altogether differently. She was, at least, able to get upstairs and walk and try to speak and then just all at once died.”

“The question is time; when was she given the poison? Morphine takes effect right away; it's a matter of moments, the other is slower. How long could she have remained sensible enough to walk and speak? A capsule would have added to the time margin by twenty minutes. There's no way of knowing until we know exactly what she died of. And the approximate amounts of each drug. In either case, it's the overdose given that caused death; both are really beneficent drugs. At any rate, that's for the police to worry about. But I'm going to tell them what to look for.”

“You mean—give them that chemist's report? And tell them what happened last night?”

“Yes, certainly. The sooner they know it now, the better. I didn't want anything said of it until I knew just what it was. Now I—know,” said Brule.

Andy cleared his throat and said:

“It didn't take your chemist long to analyze the stuff.”

“I told him what to look for,” said Brule promptly.

“You—how did you know?”

Brule's eyebrows made a quick, straight line across his face.

“Because that's what I thought, it might be, Andy. Any other questions?”

“N-no. Except—are you sure it's a good thing to tell it to the police? You know as well as I how few people could have put that stuff in Rue's room.”

“I know. Very few people could have given poison to Crystal, too. Any number of people, I suppose, could have murdered the nurse—but who did? Who had motive plus opportunity?”

**B**UT, Brule, you—you were all in favor of keeping the thing quiet,” said Rue. “I mean you said that you thought at the time that Crystal's death was not natural but that you thought it wiser to accept it. You said it was better to think of Madge and of Steven and—”

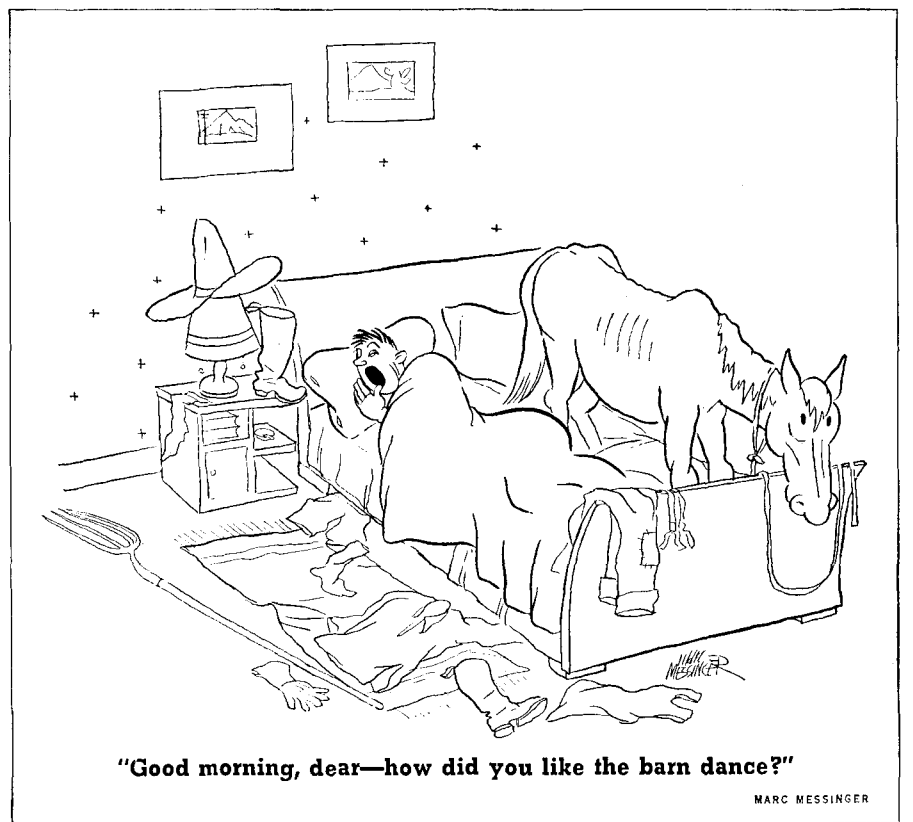
“And of myself and of Andy. And of you, Rue. Yes, I did think so. Things have changed.”

“You—you're going over to the side of the police? Do you mean that, Brule?” said Andy.

“I mean we've got to wade through it now. We can't dodge around it.”

“But still there's no use in telling the police all you know. Unless—what's your idea of it, Brule? Who—who killed her?”

(To be continued next week)



“Good morning, dear—how did you like the barn dance?”

MARC MESSINGER



# Mrs. Goofy Callahan

By Arthur Mann

ILLUSTRATED BY LUDLOW KRAVIS

LEFTY CALLAHAN finished the second cup of coffee and leaned back with a sigh of extreme comfort and satisfaction. It was great to be with his family again. The sight of his wife's sweet features and trim figure was comforting, and the sight of a wide-eyed, twelve-year-old boy, clad in a miniature New York uniform, made baseball life worth the never-ending battles.

His sunburned face broke into a smile, as the boy came over to him.

"What did Loder say, Pop, when you told him you'd have to start ball games, or else?"

"Never mind, Junior," May said.

"Why shouldn't he know, May?" Lefty argued. He gripped the boy's slender shoulders with massive hands. "I told him plenty, son. Y'gotta be frank with managers. I told him I was sicka moppin' up after his two-by-four imitations of Walter Johnson—"

"Jim!" May pleaded. "You better hurry out to the park. He's sure to call a sign meeting before practice."

"Well, that's what most of these kid pitchers are," he grumbled, and stood up. "This Loder's gone nuts over young crowd-pullers, once-a-week Sunday pitchers an' high-school wizards. Hooley! There's no short cut to experience; but Loder—"

"Here are some cigars I bought you," May said.

"Will you start today, Pop? The opening game?"

He stuffed the cigars into his coat pocket and kissed her. "Why not?" he asked with a shrug. "I can twist this Boston crowd into knots. You bet I'll start today, son, or else!"

May urged him toward the door. "We'll see you right after the game, dear, at the players' entrance. Now, don't lose your temper!"

THEY stood at the window of the furnished hotel apartment and waved to the tall, swaggering figure disappearing into the subway entrance. Then May began to speculate on the seriousness of this new difficulty—so reminiscent of other outbursts that had spilled periodic nightmares into their lives.

There was the time he held out for "fur-coat money," he called it, and received instead a transfer from first-division Chicago to last-place Philadelphia. And he informed Philadelphians that he expected no more of the town and the ball club than he did of his curve ball—a fair break.

Sold to New York, his introduction to the metropolis was spiced by a brawl with an outstanding sports writer over the use of the adjective "goofy." Glib of tongue during interviews, he had become variously known as "the mouthpiece," and the "latest type of loud-speaker."

He had always been a dependable pitcher, but never a great one. "Good trading material," one sports writer had phrased it, never bothering to consider that a wife and a growing son had to be traded along with him.

Through it all, however, May had stubbornly assured herself that one day he would stumble upon a grown-up philosophy to dull the edges of his belligerence. Evidently it wasn't to be, but this latest "or else" development was worst



"I told him I was sicka moppin' up after his imitations of Walter Johnson—"

of all, because he wasn't young any more.

He was also blind to the fact that the relief-pitching assignment was handwriting on the wall, and something not to be argued away. Fighting the inevitable encroachment of youth would only antagonize Manager Loder and hasten the dreaded day. Since he was a ten-year player, they couldn't shunt him into the minor leagues, and so they would release him unconditionally.

That was why May Callahan lost herself in a downtown department store until game time, ignoring Junior's frequent warning that they'd be late for the mayor's opening pitch; that they wouldn't see Pop start.

The ball game had begun when they reached the stadium. May paused before one of the ball-park employees.

"Who's pitching?"

"Callahan . . . and . . ."

She rushed on to catch up with the boy, trembling from stark apprehension of what his pitching this game might

mean. Even though he had won his "or else" battle to start, the bigger struggle to win it remained. And he had been pitching so long . . . perhaps too long. They hadn't even the consolation of a home or a little farm. If Boston should knock him out of the box—

A groan from within the great concrete structure halted her mental excursion. Boston was hitting him!

"Look, Junior." She produced a small pasteboard pass that read, "Mrs. James E. Callahan and One." "You go on in. I'm going to wait for somebody. If I don't see you, go right to the clubhouse when it's over. I'll meet you and Daddy at the door."

"Okay!" he called and rushed through.

Somehow she couldn't summon courage enough to sit there with the other wives now. The bitterness of failure was too imminent and one of them might be mean enough to mention "Mrs. Goofy Callahan." It had been done before.

She felt ashamed of her shame, because he was really human and fine and

far from goofy. During the fall and winter he was a devoted husband and father, but spring brought baseball—and life to May Callahan became a pulsating task of waiting to see whether a degree of security would come.

She walked from the stadium to a small park near by. There were benches, but she couldn't sit. She paced, and her troubled head throbbed at intervals when the capacity crowd yelled in chorus to express kaleidoscopic changes of sentiment. Despair seemed to dominate their outbursts, which meant that he was having trouble, if still in there.

It went on that way, too, with the groans getting deeper to deepen her own misery. Soon the gloomy silence of unmistakable home-town defeat settled over the ball park. She recognized the seventh-inning sympathetic stretch. After that came the dismal eighth; the pinch hitters had failed!

The ninth brought a flurry of hope—and New York wouldn't be batting in the ninth unless tied or trailing. But, even if they did win, credit would probably go to the pitcher who had relieved Callahan just as Lefty had received credit for relieving many times.

THERE was an expectant roar, and then a final outburst of dismay. The game was over. The crowd began to pour from the exits.

Her gaze shifted quickly to a large bulletin board that hung from the windows of the club offices. An employee was sliding numbers into place after the names of the teams:

|          |   |
|----------|---|
| BOSTON   | 4 |
| NEW YORK | 1 |

When the crowd had thinned, she returned and stood off from the players' exit to avoid meeting any of the baseball writers who would want to know how Mrs. Goofy Callahan felt about the opening-day defeat. Lefty and Junior were among the first to appear, and both were smiling, typical of Lefty. His specialty was a smile and an alibi for any kind of a batting rally, however ruinous.

"What d'ya think of ol' Lefty now?" he roared, and crushed her with a public hug and a kiss.

"Did y'see what Pop did to those pinch hitters in the eighth?" Junior asked. "Stood 'em right on their ears!"

She looked from one to the other, not wanting to confess that she hadn't seen the game.

"Did . . . did you have words with Loder?" she asked anxiously.

"Naw, I left him speechless!" Lefty helped them into a taxicab at the curb. "Soon as I reached the park, he tol' me about bein' traded even up for Joe Coster. I said 'Okay,' an' put on a Boston uniform. Hansen said, 'Wanna start?' an' I said, 'Lemme at 'em!' An' did I pin them New York ears back!"

"You certainly did," she whispered, and wondered if Boston people were as cold as New Yorkers.

"Coupla more like this game, May," Lefty said, lighting a cigar, "an' I'll make this Boston club talk turkey nex' year. I've never forgot how they tried t'swap a two-hundred hitter for me two years ago!"



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## The Runaway

Continued from page 11

dollars in the bank as a result of this fifteen-year-old venture. The squab experiment had followed the berries, but that had not been a success. The noise of the pigeons, and the inevitable dirt had discouraged even cheerful Sarah. Later poetry had engrossed her, and she would have bored the family with Patmore and Emily Dickinson if her own sparkling enthusiasm had not made it extremely difficult for her to bore anyone.

She collected bowls, and frequently made her supper fastidiously from a blue bowl filled with crisp crackers and creamy milk. She liked certain small eccentricities in dress, rarely wearing a hat; affected certain niceties of pronunciation. For a time she would arise early for a two-mile walk before breakfast, or try a diet of scraped raw carrots and hard brown bread. Rebecca found dishes, games, ideas in the backs of magazines and tried them on the family; she read up on plays, and spoke of them as familiarly as if she had attended their opening nights on Broadway.

Full of youthful affectations, yet she admitted their absurdity so frankly, and entertained the family so enormously with her eager pursuit of them that she was not only forgiven but adored by everyone at home. Sometimes she was the model daughter, helping Robert, Spin and Andy with their homework, helping everywhere, her mother's delight. Sometimes she appeared to transfer her interests and affections to some zone to which the others could not follow her, becoming abstracted, mournful, vague, talking mysteriously of "plans."

Whatever they were, she never explained them if indeed they had form at all. She would presently emerge from such dreams, and begin to laugh and sing, to practice scales passionately, to pack picnic baskets again. For like most Californians who live outside of the immediate cities, the Gibsons liked to have many of their meals in the open air. The children of the family need go no farther than the windmill, a hundred yards from the house, to enjoy the full pleasure of a basket lunch or supper.

IT WAS on a languid, heavily sweet March afternoon that Rebecca and her mother had a certain talk in the kitchen. It began casually enough, like many of their talks, but the girl was to remember it many months later with strangely mixed emotions.

Rebecca taught a kindergarten group in the public school. Her share of teaching, as Miss Patton's chief assistant, consisted principally of superintending games, and walking back and forth keeping order in the schoolroom, as the children perspired and panted over cut-out tulips, cardboard ships, tissue-paper tassels and odorous putty. When there was a display for the Mothers-Teachers group, Rebecca helped the children arrange the exhibitions in the auditorium passage; when there was a cut or a bruise she painted it with antiseptic; when there was nosebleed or nausea she was the one to telephone the sufferer's mother and sit stanching the blood or sponging the pale little face until maternal succor arrived.

Her pay was fifty-five dollars a month; she had Saturdays and Sundays at home, and by her associates, who worked in the bank or the post office, or filled secretarial posts, she was considered fortunate. But Rebecca did not always consider herself fortunate.

"Mother," she said on this particular afternoon, "would you like me to marry Joe Feratta?"

Sarah Gibson was scraping cold artichokes for a salad. The soft, breeze-filled, scent-filled day had been unseasonably hot. Now at five o'clock the sun was at last close to the summit of the faraway western hills; shadows were falling over the flowering orchards; the great oak dropped a round disk of cool shade. Mother and daughter were at a table on the side porch; Rebecca frankly idle, and panting with heat; Sarah's face finely beaded with perspiration as she worked.

Surprised at the question, the older woman looked up with a little change of color. Rebecca saw that her mother paled, and laughed in a little confusion.

"That came right out of a clear sky, didn't it?" she said. "But I've been thinking of Joe all afternoon. He came to school today at the two-o'clock recess."

"And asked you to marry him?"

"Well—in a way, yes. He was all agog because Judge Miller's taken him into the firm, and put him on the Miglia case. Joe speaks beautiful Italian, you know."

MRS. GIBSON was interested and pleased.

"Well, for pity's sake!" she said. "I think that's very much to Joe's credit, I really do. He's a smart boy. He isn't but twenty-four, is he, Becky? I think that's very much to his credit. I'll see his mother at the club tomorrow and congratulate her. And he speaks Italian, does he?"

"Well, Mother, why wouldn't he, with his father and grandfather right from—wherever it was? Italy, anyway."

"That ought to help him a lot with his law practice, Beck, there are so many of them around here. Italians, I mean."

"Well, exactly—" Rebecca said, in an odd abstracted tone.

"If he's going to practice here, is that it?" her mother added, looking up. The girl roused herself from dreams with a start.

"Oh, he's going to practice here," she said, in a faintly ironical tone. "His father's giving him a slice of the ranch, just as he did Gory and Lucy when they married. Lucy and Buck Williams are going to build an awfully pretty Spanish place there. I told you I saw the plans when I was in the library the other day. Holman did them; they're beautiful. And Joe gets the canyon strip with the redwoods, because Lucy wanted to be where she wouldn't have to drive up hills; she hates hills."

"Well, the Ferattas are awfully nice people, Becky. They've been here from the beginning, and I don't know any citizen of Salletts that's more respected than Gregario Feratta. And a little money doesn't hurt, dear, when you're getting started."

"You don't sound very enthusiastic, Mother."

"Well, I would be, Beck, if you were! But somehow I don't feel you're in love with Joe, for all he's so handsome and nice," Mrs. Gibson said, a little troubled.

Rebecca was silent for a moment while her mother's busy knife steadily scraped the soft green pulp, and the hot day died slowly in a glory of fragrance. The yard was big and irregularly shaped, rising toward the barns on the east, beaten flat under the trees between the paddock fence opposite and the orchards that stretched away to the north, and bounded by the house and the berry bushes and the garden on the south. The last lances of light were falling across



the lilacs and the new sprays of bank-sia roses now, and laying trim shadows under the white-painted trunks of the fruit trees. Chickens were sauntering toward the shed; Robert Gibson, tall, black of hair and eyes, ungainly, young, attractive in old jeans, a blue shirt open at his dark throat, came down from the barns with two pails of milk. Little Gary, also dark, clad in faded jeans, like a small edition of his brother, admiringly accompanied him. Gary adored Bob; Rebecca called him the big boy's "pilot fish."

When the boys had disappeared into the spring house, where the milk stood on long shelves, Sarah returned to the conversation.

"And Joe wants you to marry him, does he? You seem so young, Becky."

"He always has," Becky said simply. It was true. Big, dark, clever Joe Feratta had not looked at another girl since that night, now six years ago, when Rebecca Gibson had taken the part of "California" in the Grammar School Pageant. Surrounded by her satellite counties, seeming to float in her diaphanous robes of varicolored pale chiffons, her browned young face very earnest, her aureole of soft tan hair standing out in a cloud under her gold crown, her great blue robe sweeping the floor in a wide circle, Becky had walked straight into ardent Joe's heart, and through years of study, through the strain of bar examinations and the loneliness of exile from home, he had dreamed of no one else than the little Gibson kid.

Now she was grown, graduated, teaching kindergarten, very busy with that bunch of fresh kids, very serious when she told Joe about her work and her ambitions, completely charming in her own home circle, with her brothers teasing and spoiling her, and always beautiful. The pale browns of her, the red wide line of her gypsyish, her enchanting, laughing mouth were always before his eyes.

"He always has wanted to marry me," she told her mother now simply. "And that would mean," Becky went on slowly, "living up on the Feratta place. May and Gory'll have children, and Lucy and Buck'll have children, and I'll have children. Nice little black-eyed children with curls, whose Grandpa is one of the big vineyardists of the state. Every Sunday we'll have a big two-o'clock dinner of chicken and red wine and macaroni—"

"WELL," her mother said mildly, as she paused, "there are harder lives than that, Beck. You'd have to search the world over to find a lovelier place than Salletts. And if old man Feratta built for Joe, as he has for the others, you'd have an awfully nice house, with two baths—at least Lucy's going to have two baths, her mother was telling me, and a refrigerator and an electric automatic hot-water heater and everything. Holman's going to build Lucy's place, and he'd probably do yours. You could have a lovely Spanish house up there with patios and fountains and everything."

She stopped on a wistful note. Becky spoke reluctantly, thoughtfully.

"You'd like me to, wouldn't you, Mother?"

"Well, I don't think there's a nicer boy in town than Joe," Sarah Gibson said hesitatingly. "There isn't a girl here that wouldn't jump at him. And of course Daddy and I would love to have you near us. It seems better than teaching on and on for years like Miss Beatie and Miss Pierce, I should think."

"It certainly does," Becky agreed, with fine irony.

"Certainly Alan Ridley—or Cyril—" her mother offered dubiously.

"Ha!" Becky ejaculated, and was still.

"But you just don't feel that you could love Joe?" Sarah ventured, after a pause.

"Mother," Becky began decidedly, bringing her attention back from some faraway consideration that had abstracted it for a moment, "here it is: Joe is a darling, he'd always be good to me, and work hard, and eat and drink a little too much, and like to sleep Sunday afternoons with his collar off, and want all his children to be boys—I know Joe, I know all that about him! If I happened to displease his mother, or if his father thought I was too slight for the job—I hear he likes big fat girls like Minnie—then Joe'd always stand up for me and be kind to me. If we couldn't have children he'd feel he was a martyr, and his mother'd feel that it was a judgment for marrying a girl of another faith, but he'd go right on buying me what I wanted—a new car, a trip to San Francisco with him to hear Rigoletto and Trovatore—his father says that Germans can't write music. I'd have a position in the club; I'd be one of the Ferattas—very important. And so what—and so what—and so what?"

SHE put her tawny head down on the table for a moment, and her mother, troubled and surprised, imagined that she was crying. But when Becky raised her head her eyes were bright and dry.

"Now I'll tell you," she went on, speaking with a sort of angry desperation that was yet quiet and controlled. "I want to live my life, not Joe Feratta's life or old Gregario Feratta's life. I want to go to cities, and run around them in the rain, and see the lights of big opera houses and hotels, and work and worry, and fall in love, and make mistakes and live—and live—and live! I want to do—dangerous things, in villas on the Mediterranean and hotels in London—What's the matter?"

She interrupted her rhapsody with the sharp inquiry, for Sarah was staring at her oddly with a face that had suddenly grown pale.

"What is it, Mother?" Becky repeated, alarmed.

"Just—" Sarah's voice had dried in her throat. She spoke with difficulty. "Just that that's a silly way to talk, Becky," she said.

"Mother, why is it silly to want something better than Salletts?" the girl demanded passionately.

"Because it—it makes me nervous," her mother answered with what for her was an unwontedly agitated and reproachful manner.

"I could take care of myself," Becky stated simply. She looked away with narrowed eyes.

"It isn't that. It's that—that there's nothing but disappointment and—trouble for you out in the world. Here you have peace and sunshine and fruit and friends and the river—everything, everything. And if you married—I don't say Joe, but anyone, anyone, someone you loved, of course, you might have children, you might have as happy a life as any girl in the world! Think of the eastern climate, Becky, and the slums, and the poor little children in the slums—"

"I do," said Becky in the pause, "and I want to see them. I want to be one of them! And I want to be rich, to go to those shops that advertise in the smart magazines, and have a fur coat, and have some stunning man with tons of money—"

She stopped short again, amazed. For Sarah had risen to her feet, and was speaking with colorless lips. She spoke breathlessly, sternly.

"I don't want you ever to talk that way again, Becky. It's wicked. You don't know what you're talking about, you don't know what misery—what utter misery might be waiting for you out

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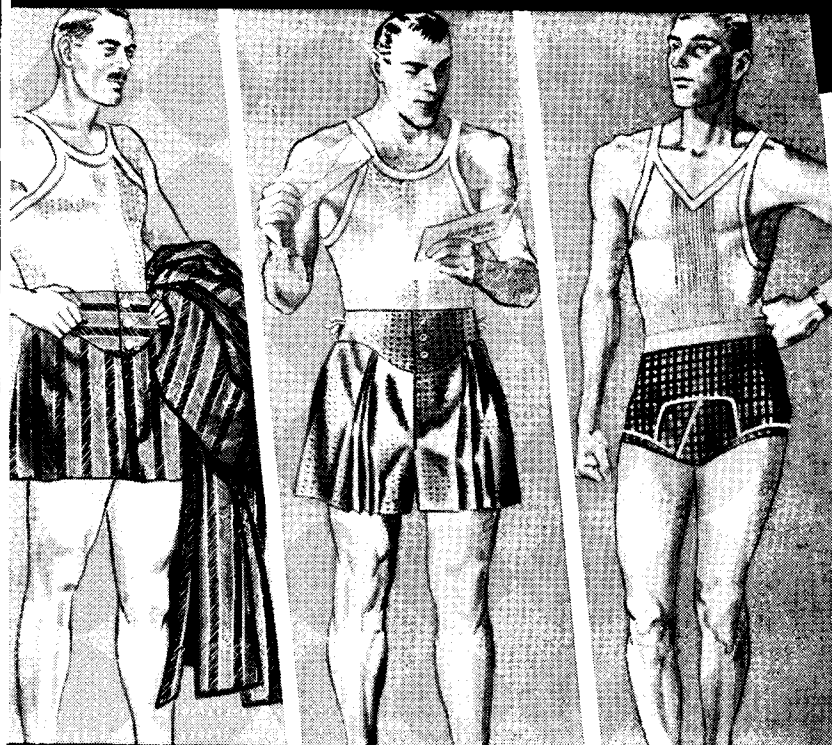
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there, or how—how helpless you would be if once you got into it! For God's sake—"

The last words were a prayer. Sarah, her back turned now, as she carried her pans and bowls into the kitchen, said them half to herself. Becky sat on at the table, staring bewilderedly after her.

When she presently went into the kitchen, her mother was quietly busy with the usual dinner preparations. But she was not yet herself. She was nervous and pale, continually returning to the present, to answer the boys or continue her operations, with an air of awakening herself from some painful dream.

EXCEPT for this, however, dinner proceeded as usual, and it was only after dinner that a phrase or two, seemingly meaningless at the time, was overheard by Becky as she straightened spice boxes and cereal jars in the big dim ranch-house pantry. Her second brother, Spin, was outside in the dusky yard under the window, feeding the dogs; Becky heard her mother speak to him.

"Spin, what made you ask that at dinner tonight?" Sarah's tone was sharp with anxiety.

"Ask what?" Spin's big rough voice asked in return.

"About where Daddy got his money."

"I don't remember. Oh, yes!" Spin's tone was surprised. "Well, I—gee, I don't know," he answered bewilderedly; "some of the fellers at school were talkin' about Salletts real estate, and they asked what Dad paid for this place. I said I didn't know. But I was rememberin' what you said about you and Dad startin' in on twenty dollars a week—"

"Beck didn't suggest it?" Sarah asked swiftly, in an undertone.

Becky, unseen in the pantry, heard her own name at this point, and rattled some tins, drowning out further eavesdropping. Even though a little puzzled she thought no more of the matter at the time, but later, when she was in bed, the little episode came back to her and connected itself with unerring instinct with her earlier conversation with her mother in the afternoon. She had said she wanted to go away, to live dangerously, independently, to taste riches and poverty and love, and her mother had looked ready to faint, and had assumed a most unusual tone of sharpness and anxiety in answering her. And afterward her mother had interrogated Spin as to an innocent question at dinner—

Well, what had Spin asked? His father had been suggesting to Andrew, the third son, that he content himself with the cheaper seats at the movies; he and his wife, Dad had said, hadn't had much money for lodge seats when they had married. Twenty dollars a week didn't leave any room for luxuries—

"But then how'd you ever come out here and buy this place?" Spin had asked, interrupting his father's mild complacent moralizing. What had Dad answered? Becky tried to think. Had he glanced swiftly and apprehensively at Mother as he did so? She distinctly remembered that he had. They hadn't enlarged on the matter, but how had the subject been changed? Dad had said: "Oh, I had a streak of luck," and Mother had said instantly: "Mrs. Bates came over today with Margie's baby."

And then later Mother had asked Spin if Becky had put him up to asking that question. Why should Becky do anything of the sort? To want to go away for adventures, and the point of Dad's having somehow been able, on an income of a thousand a year, to buy a seven-thousand-dollar piece of property and improve it—what was the connection between them?

Well, what? It came out nowhere.

Becky was still puzzling over it when she dropped off to sleep.

On a certain spring afternoon Becky went to the Exchange on an errand for her mother to wander with her basket along the shelves; opening the big ice-box to take out a box of butter, looking at her list: crackers, ice-cream salt, coffee. And after the ice-cream salt Mother had thoughtfully written: "Tell Daddy to bring home."

Oh, God, with everything going on in the world; girls signing movie contracts, girls and men meeting at restaurant tables in scintillating cities, women buying steamship tickets, riding on the tops of London omnibuses, looking at pictures in the Louvre, she must be here in the Middle Valley Exchange at Salletts listening to the idiotic Fessey boy explain that a blue cup or saucer went with every pound of Toxman's coffee!

"What good's the cup without the saucer, Leo?"

"Well, two pounds for forty-four, and you get both. Plain, but it makes a swell little souvenir," said Leo, sounding, as he always had sounded at school, as if he ought to blow his nose.

Perhaps Gemma O'Donnell, Agnes' niece, would call to her from the collar counter.

"Listen, Beck, Aunt Agnes has just got in some swell Easter models. One looks just like your blue linen. New York copies, you know."

Of course, of course. New York copies. Everything was a New York copy. Agnes O'Donnell's copies would undoubtedly startle New York more than New York would startle Agnes. Copies, to Agnes, were just as smart as the originals. "Dressy" was Agnes' word. It's real dressy on you.

Rebecca Gibson Feratta would never see New York. Or if she did she would be a stout, macaroni-nourished woman of forty with three big black-browed children at home: Maria, Gregory, Joseph. New York would mean nothing to her then. She would not tread its crowded streets, hungry perhaps, certainly shabby and anxious, but thrilling to great possibilities. The job, the money, the new chance, the potentialities of tomorrow and the day after tomorrow! These would not stir her blood then. No; she would be complaining to Joe that none of the pretty dress models came in size forty-four, and telephoning after nine o'clock at night, when rates were reduced, to ask about Grandpa's stroke.

ALL right, if that were one's fate. But it was dull. Dull and hard to shut one's dreams and hopes and ambitions into some little airless chamber of the soul where they must starve for want of light and food. Perhaps, if young Mrs. Joseph Harrison Feratta hammered them down hard enough and long enough they would die, and she'd become the happy and contented wife and mother she ought to be. Joe would have as much of a career as Salletts could afford. He would never go away, because he shared with his Italian-born father and American mother a firm conviction that everyone who did not live in this rich valley below the California Sierras was unfortunate or a fool.

In four hours you could be in San Francisco, if you wanted to see a surgeon or a play or a ship, but Joe's philosophy had little to do with any of the three. He loved the open vineyards, and the woods that rose up to the mountains, where he hunted deer, and the smell of brush fires and ripening prunes and pepper trees, and Mamita's house with its pervading odors of musk and of garlic and onions frying in good olive oil, and the kitchen and the closed parlor where there were bunches of sweet grass, and enlarged photographs on tas-

seled easels of Joe's dead brother and sister: Benito and Teresa.

Joe was a smart lawyer; he might go in for politics sometime, especially if he had a wife to spur him on. District attorney or state senator. "Keep in Office Joseph Feratta, Incumbent!" She could see the cloth sign swaying over Main Street before some future election. But even that—but even that wouldn't be her life! She'd be just Joe's wife, sitting beside him on the platform at rallies, saying "I'm proud of you, Joe," when the returns came in.

But of course it all came back to this: she did like Joe. She didn't love him, because she never felt for him that rush of sheer adoration that she had felt for Claire de St. Lorier. Claire's mother, hoping to cure some lung ailment, had lived near Salletts when Claire had been seventeen and Becky fourteen. They were eastern people, the de St. Lories, and Claire had played the violin at a church concert.

Oh, what a moment when the slender



"D'youse mind if I  
lower th' mike a bit?"

JAY IRVING

girl, half smiling, glancing from the expectant audience to the strings of the instrument she had been tuning, had first come to the platform! Mrs. Forest, fat and nervous and turning down the corners of sheets of music anxiously, had been at the piano in her ruffled organdy; Claire had looked a very lily beside her. There had been no printed programs. Chuck Leonard, announcing, had mumbled the name: "A newcomer to Salletts. Miss Dersannlerear." Afterward Becky learned that Claire had whispered the name to poor Chuck, and he had done his best with it.

SHE had met Claire, had gone into a trance of floating ecstasy, had lived for three dizzied, chilled, fevered, intoxicating months on Claire. Claire had been staying at the King place, eight miles away, and quite out of Salletts' familiar zone. The Kings had affiliations with social San Francisco and Burlingame; they had little to do with the country roundabout. Yet Claire more



than once did ask Becky to come out and have tea with her, and Becky had gone out on the bus, and been driven back to town by one of the Kings' hands. Claire had been lonely; there had been no other young person staying at the house, and the two girls had formed a friendship unbalanced by Claire's cool, sweet superiority and seniority and Becky's uncontrollable adoration. Becky on these occasions had hardly been able to speak for her eagerness to listen to Claire, to make great eyes of helpless love at everything Claire said.

She had bored her mother mercilessly about Claire.

"And, Mother, she has the sweetest way of looking at you when you say anything funny; she thinks about half the things I say are funny, and she looks at me—honestly, Mother, with the sweetest look! Oh, Mother, I wish I could play the piano—I could accompany her! She speaks German—she's lived in Germany, imagine. And two men want to marry her, but she doesn't want to marry anyone because she says all she cares about is for her mother to get well!"

AND then one day it had been:

"Mother, why am I so utterly miserable when I'm away from Claire, and why does it make me just tremble if I hear her voice or see her?"

"Well, you're a little bit in love with her," Sarah had explained it simply.

"Oh, but, Mother, no! Not with a girl!"

"Well, it's something of the same feeling, Becky. Being in love is an uncomfortable sort of thing—not like love. Love is the most wonderful thing in the world. But being in love—yes, that's the sort of feeling."

It had been a relief to Sarah when Claire had disappeared from the scene, and Rebecca had returned rapidly to normal.

But Rebecca still remembered the keen emotions of the Claire episode, the exquisite excitement of dressing herself in her best and taking the bus ride out to Kings' ranch, the tremendous moment of meeting Claire, the trembling joy of talking to her and seeing her pale gold hair and blue eyes, her delicate hand on a perfumed handkerchief, the expressions of her face as she said: "I'm getting so lazy about practicing. Rebecca, you're so pretty in that blue. *Ca va sans dire*—you don't understand that! Forgive me."

And she knew today, so many years later, that such a thrill as she had felt in Claire's company, augmented by her increased age, her knowledge of manhood and womanhood, might have made her engagement to the right man a thing intoxicating, bewildering, all-absorbing. What she felt for Joe was not that. She felt liking and admiration and confidence and a certain girlish pride in his passion.

Nevertheless she was shyly pleased at the loyal and affectionate interest that both families felt when the great secret of her engagement to Joe was somehow made known a few weeks later. There was no announcement, yet in a hundred ways the little town gave a favorite son and daughter its hearty congratulations upon the suspected state of affairs; on all sides Rebecca heard praises of Joe, and among her intimates expressions of satisfaction that he was so fortunate and she doing so well for herself.

Rebecca went with Joe to Sunday dinner at his father's house. She had been there before, but not often, not easily. There was an indefinable atmosphere of strain at the Feratta dinner table.

Gregorio Feratta was enormously heavy, hearty and hospitable enough, but suspicious with the suspicion of the

simple, absorbed in his own thoughts, which were centered entirely in the great winery, and inclined to feel that an American upbringing was demoralizing for "keeds." He himself had been only a child when brought to America, but he retained much of the old-world prejudice against the pampering of the young, and was abetted in his attitude by his aged father, a bald, toothless, beaming man of eighty, whose efforts to speak English were marked by an invariable singularizing of the plural and pluralizing of the singular.

Mrs. Feratta was of Irish descent, with pale eyes and gray hair. A silent, anxious woman, she was concerned principally with things spiritual. The money that might have brought ease and pleasure to her was a trust, a responsibility only, and she worried constantly over her fitness for that trust. Wasted food to her—and her household was one of phenomenal appetites—was a sin. Idle talk of movies or comic strips, or anything approaching gossip, was wrong. And especially wrong was any criticism of churches, priests, tenets of the faith, or any sluggishness about attendance at mass, or fasts or regulations generally.

These considerations kept her fretting and apprehensive; she consulted authorities constantly; she gave timidly to charity with admonitions and warnings; she distrusted women whose beliefs differed from her own. When she bought a handsome coat or a new chair or a set of pink and gold dishes she wondered miserably for hours whether such an outlay was "right."

Annie Feratta feared those who did not fear God. She knew that the tall, vivid, eager girl who was to be her new daughter-in-law had been brought up with no religious training at all. The Gibsons were affiliated with no church. And this seemed to his mother a great danger for her wonderful Joe—her only child. The others, Gregory and Lucia, were her husband's by an earlier marriage; she had been nursery governess to them, had married their father a few months after their mother's death, and taken the crying babies to her heart. They were small and dark; typically Latin. But her own boy, although black of hair and eyes, had her fair skin, and was tall and lightly built, and might have come from Mayo itself.

SHE handled Becky cautiously, nervously. Joe's father slept in his chair before the midday meal and immediately after it. May O'Connor, who had married Gory Feratta some five years earlier, was at the meal, trying to control the table conduct of two lively little boys, and pantingly awaiting the advent of a third child. Lucy, Joe's half-sister, was there, with her new husband, Buck Williams. May came from a family as religious as the Ferattas, and was complacently confidential with Mrs. Feratta on the subject of Lenten devotions at St. Rose's.

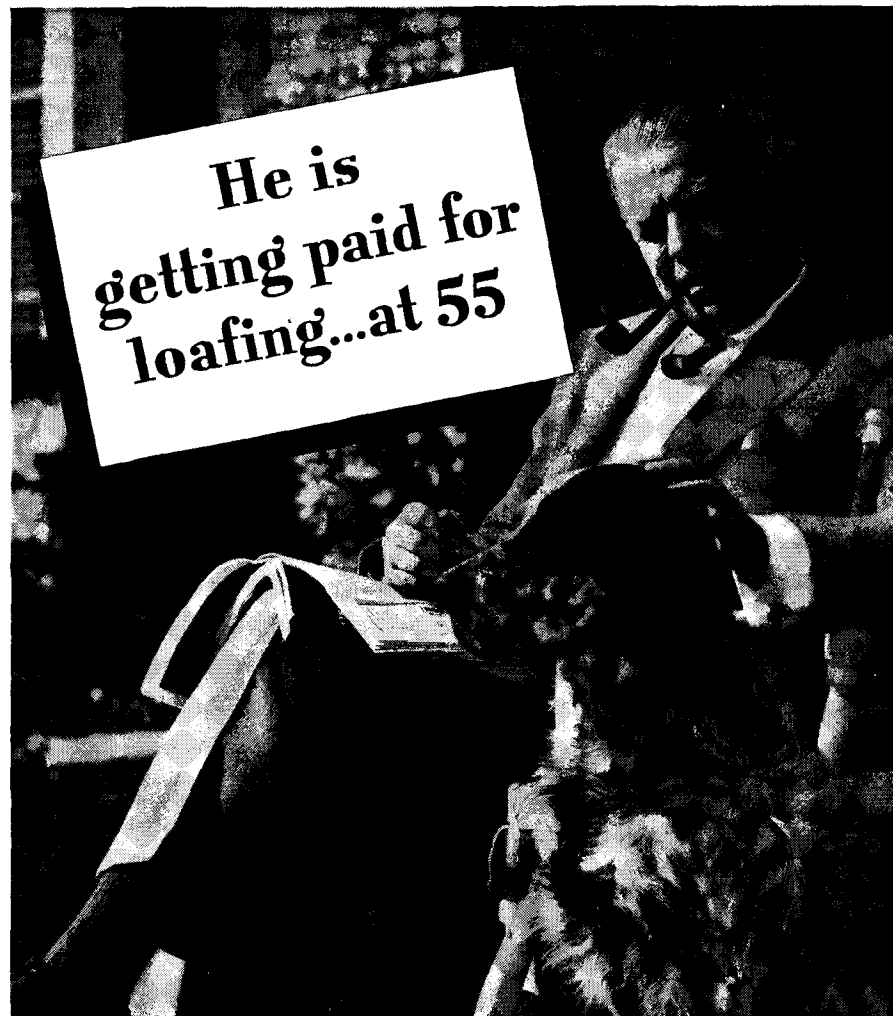
Becky talked, her cheeks crimsoning with nervous effort; she tried to eat what Mr. and Mrs. Feratta expected her to eat. But at two o'clock on a very hot spring afternoon the good minestrone, the roast goose, the onions and spaghetti and asparagus and biscuits and crab salad and chocolate layer cake constituted a pretty hearty meal.

"Papa likes a real good dinner, Sundays," Mrs. Feratta said mildly; "at supper we just have a pickup."

"A pickup that would knock a horse through a barbed wire fence," Joe commented dryly.

"Drink the wines," said old man Feratta suddenly to Becky. "Good for you. It make bloods."

"Oh, thank you. It's delicious." But Becky had been raised not to drink at all; both her father and mother had



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been definite about that. Girls must never drink. She sipped the red wine smiling but cautiously, and with no pleasure. She thought the Feratta dining room simply hideous with its walls of red brocaded paper and its sideboard ornate with little railed porches and beveled diamonds of mirror, crowded with silver cake plates, pitchers in blistered blue glass, colored china steins. At the windows heavy curtains of tapestry were drawn back to show undercurtains looped and frilled and lacy as underwear. Below the windows the vineyards stretched away in wheels and lines, and beyond them were the blue Sierras, but nobody could see anything of this from the Feratta dining room.

After dinner they sat uncomfortably in the straw chairs and canvas hammocks of the square porch—a porch stoutly railed with fat banisters painted pale gray and speckled and mottled to look like granite. Lucy brought down her house plans again, and after a while Mrs. Feratta excused herself and went inside, and Rebecca and Joe walked up to the canyon and looked at the piece of property his father had promised him upon his marriage, and talked of a quite different house, a low spreading place with cool blue shadows on adobe walls, and plants in tiny pots set around a fountain whose blowing waters would keep them fresh all the year around.

"Gory didn't want this hundred," Joe said, his arm about her as they wandered and talked, stood still and wandered on again. "Not grape property. He could always sell his hundred for grapes. But I like this."

"Ah, with the redwoods, and the spring; Lucy's house will be right down in the hot vineyards; I wouldn't have it for a gift!"

"She's got a couple of oaks, and they'll put in peppers and things."

"But not like ours! We'll have a wonderful place, Joe." At such moments as this she felt happy and confident. It was going to be all right, her marriage. Sometimes when she was not with Joe she felt misgivings. Or, if not misgivings, she felt at least a little unresponsive to the excitement and joy that he felt, and that to a lesser extent everyone who knew of it seemed to feel where her marriage was concerned.

BUT when she saw how he glowed about it, and how lovely the site of the new home was to be, and when she thought of herself as established up here, fussing happily about her eight rooms and two baths, telephoning Mother to ask how much gelatine went into an aspic, setting her hair and assuming her prettiest hostess gown to welcome Joe home in the evening, presently the proud mother of a girl baby called Sally, a baby with gold hair and Joe's dark eyes, interest and satisfaction stirred in her, and she was willing to agree with her mother, and with everyone else who mentioned her engagement, that she was a lucky girl.

"We'll have a view, Joe," she said.

"Pop was saying yesterday that we'll have to have everything screened. Grapes bring flies," Joe answered. "Hello!" he said, in a changed tone. Becky looked up quickly from her study of the spring that rose damply under a heavy covering of matted leaves and tight-tangled twigs. A man had come out of the woods and was standing looking at them.

"Hello. Any water round here?" the man asked.

He was a stranger—a handsome, well-groomed fellow of perhaps thirty, with a half-smile on an attractive face. His clothes were not new, not showy at all, but Becky instantly knew that they were right; the faintly checked brown tweed suit, the brown sweater, the brown cap he lifted from brown hair.

"We've got a broken-down engine here," he said. He jerked his head toward the ranch road that here came within half a mile of the canyon. "McSwayne said there was a pipe here," he added. Joe was instantly all interest.

"McSwayne came up to look at the vines?" he surmised. "He's from San José; he buys grapes from Pop every year," Joe explained in an aside to Rebecca. "You got stuck, hey? Sure there's a pipe here. But the best thing would be to run her down the grade on gravity to the garage. My sister's husband runs a garage; he'll tell you what's the matter."

THEY walked down between the vines together, and out onto the dirt road, and presently saw McSwayne, a fat perspiring man who sat on the running board of the car and mopped his brow.

"My name's Flood," the strange man explained, as they went. "Gavin Flood. That's a Scotch name, Gavin, but my people were Irish. North Irish. You're certainly kind to bother."

"No bother," Joe said. "Pop'll certainly be glad to see Mr. McSwayne. How's it happen you came in the back way?"

"Driving down from Eureka; we've been a couple of days on the way," the other man explained. "McSwayne's mother lives up there, and Ned had to go up anyway to see a man in Gerber about some alfalfa. He was sure he could find your place without going into Salletts, and we did find it. But I guess we came in the wrong gate."

"His sister's living up here, isn't she?" Becky said, speaking for the first time. "I know her. She married Willy White."

"That's right," Gavin Flood said, with a nod and a glance. "We're going to stay with her a few days while Ned scouts round here for olives and grapes and so on."

"San José man yourself?" Joe asked. "No; Hollywood just now. Born in New York."

They had reached Ned McSwayne now, and presently they all got into the car, and on loosened brakes it slid down the grade to the garage that stood behind the Feratta mansion. Becky's part was merely a watching and listening one from this point; she and Joe and Gory and Lucy and the two strange men made a respectful audience for Buck Williams, and presently the car was in shape again.

Just before the job was completed Gavin Flood had an opportunity for a word alone with Becky.

"You live in Salletts, Miss Gibson?"

"I teach in the kindergarten. Yes; my people live there. Dad's ranch is about three miles out of town."

"Any chance of seeing you—say, tomorrow?"

The warm clear tan of her cheeks colored. There was no mistaking the look in his eyes.

"I don't—believe so." And quite unexpectedly to herself she added: "I'm engaged to Joe, you know, and we have so much to do—"

"Oh?" Gavin said, with a glance for Joe. "That's it, is it? That's Joe? Well, lucky Joe. And unlucky me. I've fallen in love with you."

He said it regretfully but with his own especial air of casualness, of philosophic carelessness. Immediately he had left her side and joined the group; he was talking to Lucy. Lucy, holding tight to her boys, who were evincing a passionate determination to get under the car, smiled up at him appreciatively. The woman did not live whose heart beat normally when Gavin turned the battery of his quiet, his secure and sophisticated charm upon her.

Becky moved in a dream of him for the rest of the day, and lay awake thinking about him at night. She did not want to do it; she felt it silly, reprehensible, disloyal. But there was no help for it. There he was in her thoughts, a dark-haired tall man in tweeds, with something in his eye, in his glance, in his manner—

THE few words he had said to her all came back. And especially she was haunted, as she lay quietly, electrically wakeful, by those simple words: "Unlucky me; I've fallen in love with you."

It meant nothing. It meant everything. It kept her awake all night. She breakfasted in a dream; went to the kindergarten in a dream.

The little White boy was there; Royal White, a spunky little fellow of five.

"You've got company at your house haven't you, Royal?"

"Yes, ma'am, my yunkle Ned."

"And another man with him?"

"The one what swallowed a match, an' he lightud it, too?" Royal inquired. Miss Rebecca laughed.

"I imagine so. You tell him that your teacher told him not to get burned," she said. But she knew that Royal would not remember.

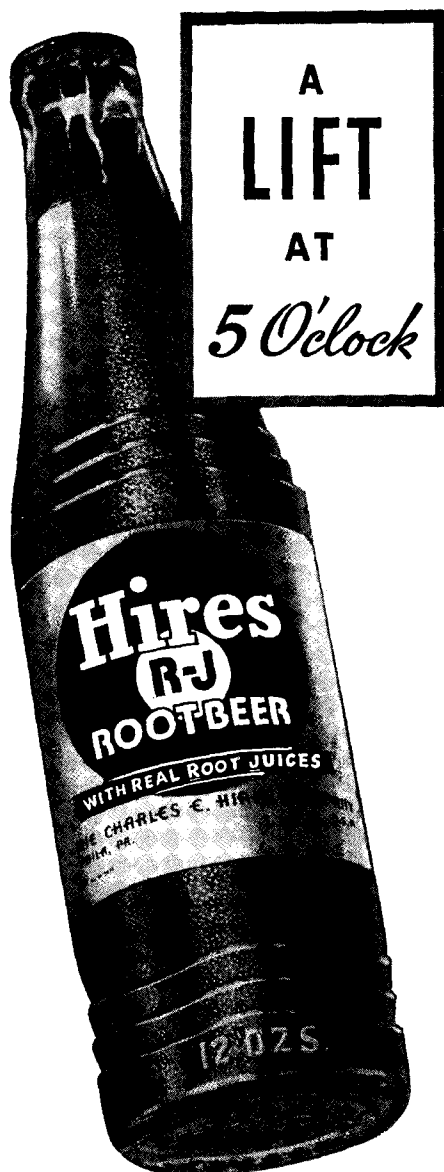
Monday always dragged. This Monday was a strange day of dreams and emotions, and sudden awakening from dreams to more ordered and rational



"—but according to astronomic analysis, the moon is nothing more than a lifeless satellite covered with large, ugly craters"

NED HILTON





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**INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM**

emotions. It dragged more than ever. Rebecca felt languid and vague.

She was to meet Joe in his office at five for supper downtown and a movie. They always did this now on Monday nights. As usual today Rebecca went home at half past two, and had a bath and a nap, and dressed herself afresh. When she went into the office Joe was deep in consultation of great yellow law books; she sat on the wide window sill of Judge Miller's office above Main Street, and read about mayhem cases, and looked down at the street through which home-going throngs were moving. A May sunset blazed against western-facing windows; Feratta and Baldocchi, cousins of Joe's father, who had come from Italy to share in the family prosperity, were watering with little hoses the vegetables in their banked display in the market across the street.

JOE spoke suddenly out of the leather-scented shadows of the room, looking up under a cone of gold light.

"Becky, the Judge has just telephoned; I'll have to run out to his house!"

"But it's six o'clock, Joe!"

"I know. But he wants to see me."

"Oh, bother," said Becky amiably.

"Listen, you don't want to come," Joe said. "I'll drop you at home. If you go, it'll mean that the old Judge wastes a lot of time in compliments and all that, and we'll miss the seven-thirty show."

I'll eat something out there—his housekeeper always brings in sandwiches with the sherry—and you—you—"

"I'll go across the street to the Saddle Rock, Joe, and have a club sandwich, and you meet me there. If I go home I'll get into dishwashing and all that, and it's out of your way anyway. You go along, and I'll dawdle over my supper, and expect you about seven."

"That'll do it! What a partner you turned out to be!" They descended to the street together. Joe to leap into his waiting car, Becky to saunter across to Salletts' one good restaurant, and to study a menu card that, if somewhat spattered with catsup and marred by running wet blue pencils, still offered an amazing variety of good food.

"Loch Levin Trout." They had probably been swimming around in the Basin, forty miles up in the mountains, a few hours earlier. The Saddle Rock was famous for them. Becky said that she would have trout.

"Me, too," said Gavin Flood, seating himself opposite her. "You aren't alone?" he asked, almost with awe. "It couldn't be that we're to have our dinner together? I've been thinking about you, and you've been thinking about me too, haven't you? This is fate. This is our fate."

"This is fate," she conceded with a little laugh. Joe would come for her in an hour. But this hour was hers.

(To be continued next week)

## Be Good and You'll be Murdered

Continued from page 25

pitcher must come to a full stop before delivering the ball with men on base. Twice during the game I sent Mickey Owens, the catcher, out to warn Diz again. When he did it, I called it, and there was eventually a riot, but you have to expect things like that. It never worried me."

### Working in "Shotgun" Leagues

It did end in a riot, with Johnny Ripple socking Diz, Diz socking somebody else, Gus Mancuso and Mickey Owens rolling on the ground in a death embrace and with everybody in sight seemingly taking a whack at little Don Gutteridge.

It was Barr also who checked up on an error the Giants made in the first game of last year's World Series when Mancuso announced that Gumbert would replace Hubbell. When Coffman came out instead, Barr lifted a stern hand. After a pitcher is announced, he must pitch to one batter. Terry protested that Gumbert wasn't even warmed up. Too bad, said Umpire Barr, but nevertheless he had to pitch. He did.

Which is one of the things that make a good umpire: the ability to make a decision on the spur of the moment. George drums that into the boys hard, and they act on it. In the practice games at Hot Springs (four of them go on simultaneously), the umpires not only have the guidance of Barr and his assistants, but the umpires who are not working stand about with the look of acolytes, picking up pointers and correcting mistakes. When it's over they render judgment.

"Joe worked a good game," they'll say, and that is praise enough to set Joe celebrating.

### For the Strong-Minded Only

A graduate of the Barr school starts out with the best of equipment because that is the thing George pounds into him. He buys his own stuff and here is how it shapes up:

|                  |          |
|------------------|----------|
| Suits (two)      | \$60.00  |
| Mask             | 9.00     |
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| Broom            | .10      |
| Strap            | 1.00     |
| Shoes (two pair) | 12.50    |
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| Indicator        | .90      |
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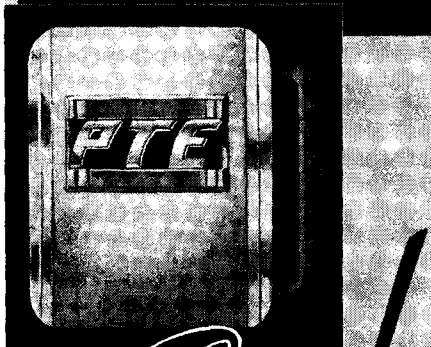
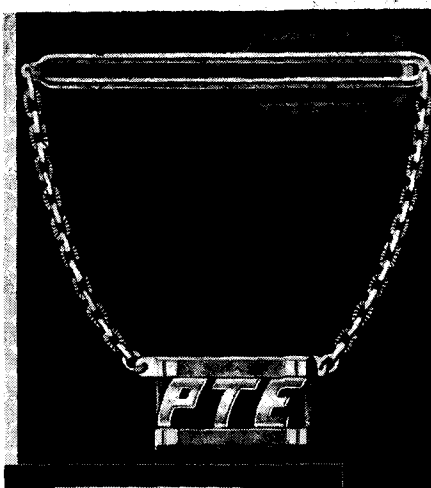
A lot of money for a new umpire probably not getting over \$100 a month his first season, but those first seasons, according to Barr, are only for breaking-in purposes. If they can't get higher, they'd better quit. If they do, they'll have a lonely life and a hard one.

But, for some strange reason, they like it. The umpires who come back to Hot Springs reminisce longingly on hot games and splendid umpiring triumphs. The trained men have a code of perfection that would astonish the loud mouths in the bleachers. They discuss ways of working with their partners (most leagues use the two-umpire system and keep the umpires paired for the season), they exchange information on how to keep the shine out of their suits, what shoe polish lasts longest.

"I wouldn't recommend my own brother if he wasn't good," Barr says.

You can't be an umpire if you wear glasses or if you're crippled in any way; the fans won't stand for it. You can't be an umpire if you lose your temper (one young gentleman threw out twenty-one players in sixteen games last year and wondered why some bigger league didn't grab him); you can't be an umpire if you're afraid of taking responsibility; you can't be an umpire if you're dumb. Otherwise, you can.

"I figured it out years ago," says George Barr. "You can either dig ditches or you can work three hours a day in a black suit."

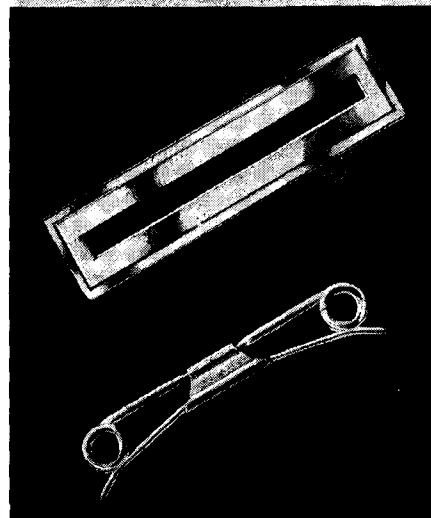


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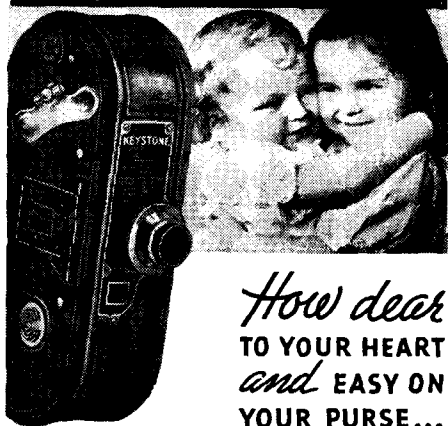
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## Too Many Men

Continued from page 15

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losers; the second one had been a beautiful array of oaths and one neat left to the chin that sent Jay back-flipping over the divan; the third one was Jay's though, with a toe hold. That must have been about the time the neighbors called the police.

I opened the door and the policeman came in.

"What's going on here?"

Cassandra said, "The card table collapsed."

Jay and Hoagy drew their punches and stood there. There was a little blood on Hoagy's cheek. Jay's shirt was ripped.

"Oh, so the card table collapsed?" said the policeman.

"Yes," said Cassandra. "See."

"Well," he said, "we can't arrest a card table. Come along, Dempsey." He nodded to Jay.

Jay looked at him and then at me and then down at his feet.

"You, too, Schmeling," the cop said to Hoagy.

"What for?"

"Disturbing the peace."

"We weren't disturbing any peace," said Hoagy.

"They heard it in San Francisco," the cop said grimly.

After we went to see them at the jail, Cassandra and I stopped at the red-and-white bar again. I moved my glass around in a circle, and pretty soon the bartender took a towel and wiped off the bar.

"Well," I said, "this won't help our epic any."

"Isn't it silly," said Cassandra. "Imagine, two grown men. . ."

I eyed her quizzically. "You couldn't possibly imagine what started it, I presume?"

And she looked back at me, all innocence, and said, "Why, of course—swing music."

IT IS very regrettable, exceedingly regrettable, that Dick Pierce turned up right then. We were just going out of the door when everything was shoulders and red hair and a white-letter sweater, and Cassandra was saying, "Dick Pierce! Of all people!"

He looked down at her from way up there and said, "Hello, midget. Where did you get the bauble?"

"He's my brother," she said. "Po, this is Dick Pierce."

I said, "Hello, Dick Pierce," and we went back to the bar.

Dick Pierce was a football man, too, and he didn't have any money, either. He didn't even have a place to stay. So after a little while, after another highball, I got a little magnanimous. "There's an extra bed," I said. "When Cassandra wears you out, come on down."

"Yes," said Cassandra brightly, "the man who slept in it last night is in jail."

I went out and walked past the bastille on the way home. The jailer was a very good guy, and he and Jay and Hoagy were playing rummy. I sat in for a while, but about eleven I got tired and went home. Jay's parting shot was, "Do you know anything about the service at San Quentin?"

I didn't wake up until ten o'clock (except for about twenty minutes at three, when Dick came in, turned on the lights, slammed his suitcase around a little, dropped his shoes on the floor, and started to snore almost before he was in bed) and then the sun was shining in my eyes, and Jay was shaking me. Hoagy was standing at the door, looking down at the other bed.

"When did you escape?" I muttered. "The judge has gone away for the week end," said Jay. "We have to go back tomorrow."

"Who's this?" asked Hoagy.

I said, "This is Dick Pierce."

"Where did he come from?" asked Jay.

"He's Cassandra's," I said.

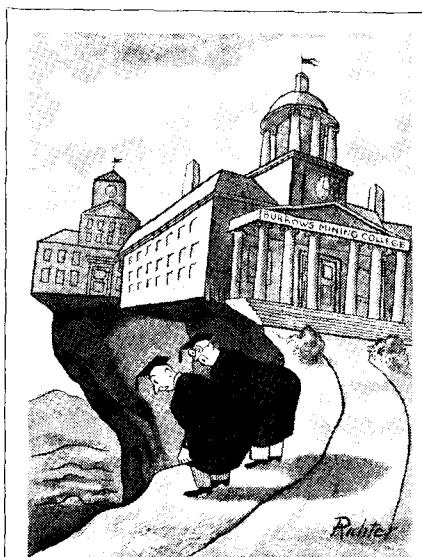
"Oh," said Jay, looking at Hoagy. There, on Hoagy's cheek, where the blood had been, was only rather a ripe-looking place. One of Jay's eyes was a little shady. They seemed to be much more friendly.

I got up and went into the kitchen with them, and started to eat some cheese and crackers. Pretty soon Dick Pierce came in. He had on his pajamas and his bathrobe, too, and he looked at us sleepily. "Where's breakfast?"

"They're sending it over from the jail," said Jay.

Dick Pierce looked at him and yawned again. "Okay, wise guy," he said, and went back to bed.

Later that day, we all went deep-sea fishing, but that was after quite a little. That was after Cassandra had come



"You know, I think we got rid of  
the Class of '38 just in time.  
They were a trifle too ambitious"

MISCHA RICHTER

gaily out on the loggia about noon, all crisp in blue slacks and a little sailor jacket—while Jay and I were revising the first act, and Hoagy was lying in the sun.

"Well, good morning!" said Cassandra. "It's nice to see you with us again."

"Yeah?" muttered Hoagy. Jay didn't say anything.

"What's on for today?" asked Cassandra.

THAT'S when I made my fatal error. "Let's—let's go fishing," I suggested.

"Superb," she said. "When do we start?"

"We have to wait for Dick Pierce," I said. "He's in a trance."

"Oh," said Cassandra, "I'd forgotten about him."

That was also after Dick Pierce's getting up, which was a little complicated, as one of his shoes had disappeared, someone had filled his socks with pebbles, his trousers had been cut off at the knees, and we found his shirt soaking in the bathtub. I haven't any idea how it all happened, because I didn't do it, and I think Hoagy and Jay had been with me all the time.

Anyway, Dick Pierce didn't like it

very well, and he didn't look very fancy, either, when he finally did get dressed. His legs were bony, and his shirt stuck to his back.

I said, "Why don't you put on a clean shirt?"

"I haven't any."

"What's in the suitcase?"

"Nothing."

"Well," said Cassandra. "Come on, let's go fishing. Everybody goes fishing!"

The boat was named the Susie Q, which was very appropriate, considering its tendencies. The pilot was a sour old duck named Tony, and everything smelled absolutely awful. But we started out rather gaily, considering that Jay and Hoagy had to stand on the running board over to Monterey. We rented a great assortment of fishing tackle ("What are we doing?" asked Jay, "Whaling?") and once, about half a mile offshore, we passed a seal, a little brown seal, going north.

We got out quite a little way, and put out our lines, and leaned back against things in the boat. That is, Jay and Hoagy and I put out our lines and leaned back. But Cassandra and Dick Pierce didn't fish at all. They just sat up in the prow, with his arm around her and the spray bursting before them. Hoagy caught some kind of a small white fish that panted for a long while and then died.

PRETTY soon Cassandra and Dick Pierce got up and came back.

"Is that all you've caught?" said Dick Pierce.

Hoagy looked up at him. "Yeah," he said. "It's deep. The fish are a long way down."

"Well," said Dick Pierce, "I'm hungry."

"Maybe I can catch you a sandwich," said Jay.

I don't know exactly what happened then. I don't know whether Jay did slip against Dick Pierce, or whether Hoagy's line did get tangled around his leg accidentally, or exactly what went on. But I do know that where there had been six of us (counting Tony) in the boat one minute, there were only five the next. Dick Pierce was in the Pacific.

"Oh!" yelled Cassandra.

He came up about thirty feet from the boat, spluttering and choking and hitting the water with his arms. "Hey . . . help . . . glugluglugluglug . . . help . . .!"

Hoagy and Jay didn't seem to be particularly alarmed. Jay yelled, "Look out, you're getting my line tangled," and Hoagy said to Cassandra, "If he takes off his shoes, he'll stay up longer."

Tony came out of the cabin and said, "Whatsa mat?"

"See," said Cassandra, "he fell overboard. Throw him something." To Dick Pierce, she megaphoned her hands and yelled, "We're coming!" But that was the trouble. We weren't. Dick Pierce was quite a long way off by now.

I said to Tony, "You better turn this boat around," but he looked at me and shook his head. "She no turn around," he said. "She only go straight ahead—the Susie Q."

"Gee," said Hoagy. "That's too bad. He seemed like a pretty good guy."

Dick Pierce was a black speck in the deep-green water. But luckily the Susie Q had undiscovered talents. When I convinced Tony that if someone fell off his boat and drowned he would get hung, the boat was turned around like a top. We got back over there where Dick Pierce was, and eventually we—me and



Tony and Cassandra—pulled him up over the side. He was very soggy. Hoagy and Jay didn't move; Hoagy was trying to land a fish that never appeared, but Jay was asleep.

We revived Dick Pierce in the cabin. By the time we were pulling up to the wharf at Monterey, he was all right. But even then, he wasn't talking.

Not until we helped him up the steps at Pop Ernst's, ordered some coffee for him and a highball (with Hoagy saying, "This is a very interesting place. Very famous," and Jay saying, "Their chowder is superb. We must try it.") and then Cassandra started to babble again, against what we could see was coming, but it didn't help. Dick Pierce took his drink down in two gulps, finishing the coffee ditto, and then put his big hands on the table and opened his mouth.

"Which one of you two guys pushed me in?" Dick demanded. People all over the dining room turned. I dropped my napkin, and Cassandra became very interested, suddenly, in her highball.

"Pushed you in? Why, imagine!" said Jay carelessly.

Dick Pierce stood up and the table moved away from him quite a little.

Cassandra said, "Dick!"

Cassandra couldn't finish her highball, either, because it was a splashing rocket in the air.

WHEN the cops arrived, I was picking up the silver.

"What's going on here?"

"I dropped my highball," said Cassandra. Dick Pierce and Hoagy and Jay were what might be termed a milling mob on the floor. Everybody else in the room was lined up against the walls.

After Cassandra and I left the Monterey jail, we drove over to Carmel. I said, "The next time we go deep-sea fishing we should take a harpoon," but Cassandra only said, "Wasn't it silly? Grown men!"

The ending is fairly concise. More or less, that is. When the phone rang, about eight the next morning, I stumbled across the hall and answered it.

"This is Hoagy," a voice said. "Remember? I was on that cruise yesterday."

"Go on, Hoagy."

"They'll let us out for ten dollars apiece."

"Yes?" I said.

"Well," said Hoagy, "we only have seventeen cents between us."

I got dressed and went over to Monterey. On the way out of the door, I picked the play off a table and some place along the way I let it dribble through my fingers in the wind.

Hoagy and Jay seemed fairly sprightly. "Well," said Jay, "I think it was a little nicer cell than we had last night."

Dick Pierce didn't say anything.

When we got home, Cassandra was standing on the loggia in the sunshine, in a white linen coat and a pair of white sandals, putting on lipstick. She said, "Hello!" very gaily. "Well, what will we do today?"

Hoagy looked at her quite a long time, and sank down in the hammock. So did Jay. I just stood there. Dick Pierce vanished into the house.

"We're going home," I said finally.

"What about our play?" asked Jay.

"Oh," said Cassandra, "isn't that done yet?"

To Jay, I said, "It's gone. I—I ate it."

Dick Pierce came out of the house and walked past all of us. He had on his hat, and was carrying his grip, but his pants were still cut off at the knees and he had only one shoe. Cassandra was still putting on lipstick, and Hoagy started tossing pebbles at my feet, when all of a sudden, Jay said, "Hey, you!"

We all looked up, except Dick Pierce.

"You, I mean," said Jay. "Pierce!"

Dick Pierce stopped but he didn't turn around.

"I need you," said Jay, "for a bridesmaid."

Cassandra said, "Are we going to a wedding?"

Jay looked at her for quite a long time. I'm not quite certain what there was in his expression; they say the line between comedy and tragedy is very thin. Anyway, he looked away when he started to speak again, and his voice was a little like Dick Pierce's had been when we pulled him out of the water.

He said, "Yes." And she said, "Whose?" And he said, "Yours and mine." And Hoagy said, "I haven't anything to wear."

Dick Pierce turned and came over to him and shook hands very solemnly.

Cassandra said, "You'll have to ask Father," but Jay shot me a quick glance, and I told her I was sure it would be all right with Father.

Then we started for the Mission, but it happened to be the day of the miracle of the swallows, so we decided that that would make the whole thing more confusing than necessary, so we found a little bare-board church instead, high up on the hillside. Some place along the way someone said something about a license, but Jay said, "That's taken care of." "I'm sure we need a license," Cassandra told him, but he barked at her, "We've already got one. Remember? The other day, when you signed something." I saw the words, "Oh, yes," form on Cassandra's lips, but they remained unspoken.

Some place along the way, too, Dick Pierce and Hoagy stole some flowers, so that finally we were all standing there at the end of the short dusty aisle, and it was very standard, and once—when Cassandra looked up at Jay, and the sun streaked through a stained-glass pane, touching her hair just right, and her eyes—a little solemn, and somehow kind of beautiful. I gave her away with a certain amount of decision, and at the end everybody kissed her with, what seemed to me, more gusto than was necessary.

"Well," said Cassandra, when we were all out on the sidewalk again, "now what?"

"Let's go have a drink," Hoagy suggested.

Jay said, "Cassandra is going back to the house with me, and we're going to get to work on our play again." And Cassandra began, "Oh, I'd much rather go . . ." But he said, "Shut up!" And she did.

"Well," said Dick Pierce, "it seems to me that weddings are nicer with receptions after." But Jay looked at him and said, "If you want a reception, go and have one. Cassandra is my wife and from now on this four-square stuff is out."

THEN they got in the car and we just stood there on the sidewalk until it was out of sight down the street.

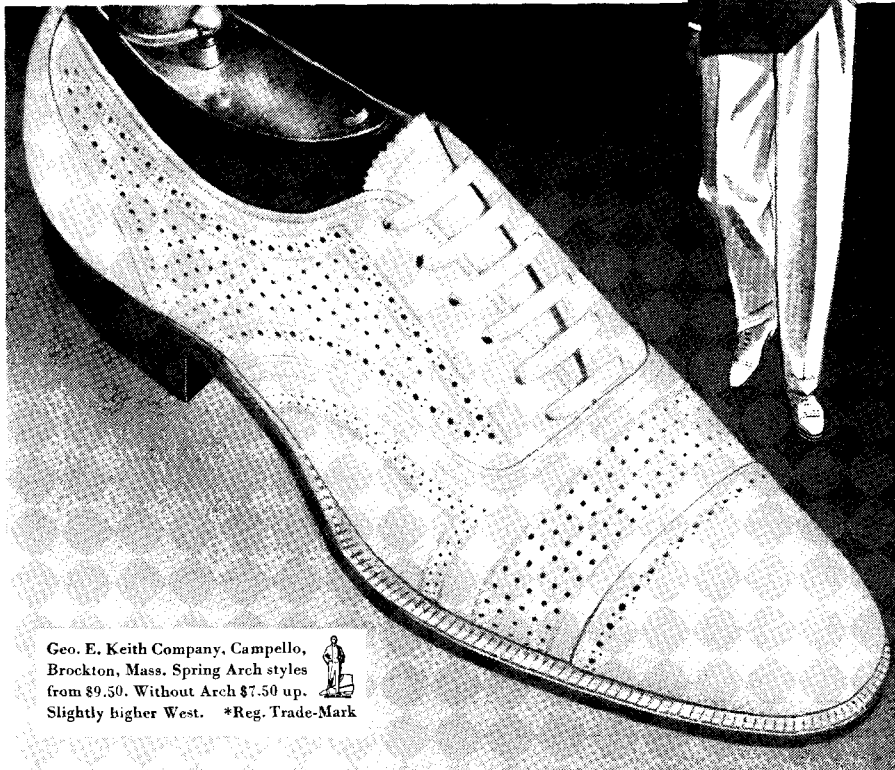
That is the way it ended. Dick Pierce and Hoagy and I had our own little reception, which contained, at the end, a certain amount of emotion; and then I walked over to the bus station with them, and finally down the hill again to the house. It wasn't very different, there in the loggia, when I opened the gate—Jay spread out in the sun drawing a stage. Only Cassandra was there, too, cutting out little pieces of furniture, and every now and then stopping and just looking at him.

I stepped over both of them, murmuring, "Pardon me," and suddenly feeling very unhappy. And then Jay raised up on his elbows and said, "Where are you going to stay tonight?" But I pretended I hadn't heard, and just went in, closing the door behind me, and stood there at the window looking out at the sea, blue and white, and green beyond the rollers. Carmel is full of memories.

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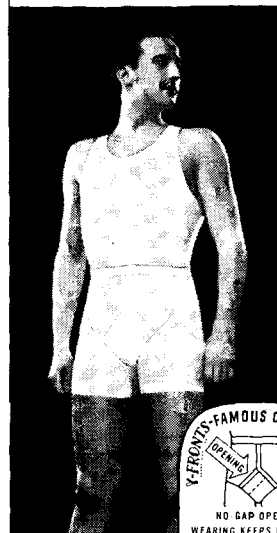
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In case your shaving ills are chronic  
Let Ingram's give your skin a tonic!  
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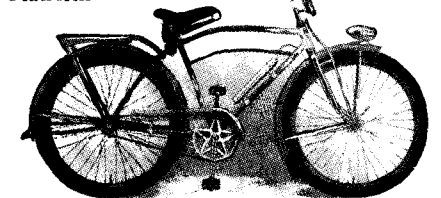
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the nice folks tolerated him because they had admired his father. Then they washed their hands of the boy completely. Try as they might, they couldn't discover a single redeeming trait.

But even those who talked most vehemently against him were shocked and surprised when his evil streak climaxed with attempted bank robbery and then murder.

Sheriff Jim Green swung off the corduroy road and chugged up the shell pathway that wound through pine and cypress and oak and black gum to his house on the elevation that looked down on the Catbill. It wasn't much of a house, but it had sheltered four generations of Jim Green's family.

DORIS was in the sitting room when her father arrived. She knew what had happened in town, because her father had telephoned. That was forty-eight hours ago. Doris looked at him now, but even before she remarked on his weariness her eyes asked a question. Jim Green shook his head. He said, "Haven't seen hide nor hair of him. He's just vanished."

She asked, "Was it all true? Everything they said?"

"Yeh. Pretty rotten. Shot Bud down—just like that."

"Where do you think . . . ?"

"I ain't sure, honey. Vance is a mighty smart boy. Knows this country pretty well. Not having caught up with him now, I'm afraid we most probably won't."

She said breathlessly, "I hope not." "Mmmmm! Still in love with him—even after this?"

"That's something I can't help, Dad."

"I reckon not. But it worries me."

"What difference does it make now?"

"You mean, because he's gone—and wouldn't ever dare to come back?"

She nodded. "He isn't all bad," she defended.

"He pretty near is." Jim Green seated himself heavily. He said, "I'm plumb tuckered out."

She went into the kitchen and prodded Aunt Sarah. A few minutes later she placed broiled ham and fried eggs and a stack of corn bread on the table. Plus the inevitable plate of hominy grits. Jim Green ate languidly. He was too tired to enjoy food. Then he stretched out on the ancient horsehair sofa. "I'll just rest heah, Doris. Ain't no sense taking my clothes off."

"But if they catch him—"

"That's what I'm afraid of."

The back of her hand touched her lips.

"You mean . . . ?"

"Yeh. They could do things. Folks was mighty fond of Bud Beauregard."

She brought two pillows and put them under his head. "If you found him, Dad—what would you do?"

"What could I do?"

"You mean you'd take him in?"

"Sure. But I'd see he got a fair trial."

She didn't argue. She knew her father too well. She sat there fanning him, begging him to sleep. But Jim Green was too exhausted. His brain was going a mile a minute. His senses were alert. And because of that he heard the sound in the attic.

He didn't move. He didn't even open his eyes. But his thoughts raced faster. It was all pretty clear now. He sat up on the sofa and pulled on his heavy shoes. Doris asked, "What's the matter, Dad? Where are you going?" She was on the floor beside him, her eyes anxiously searching his own.

"Upstairs," he answered. "To fetch Vance Morgan down."

## Escape

Continued from page 22

She made no attempt to deny Vance's presence in the house. She said, "He's got a gun."

"I know."

"He might—"

"Yeh. He might." Jim Green rose. He said, "You stay here, Doris."

"I'm going up with you. He won't shoot if I'm there."

Vance Morgan heard them coming. He blinked into the light of the kerosene lantern.

The sheriff said, "Sorry, Vance. Give me that gun."

"Not a chance."

Jim walked forward slowly. He was speaking softly, reassuringly. "Listen, boy—there's no use bein' foolish. Ain't goin' to git you nowhere." He was closer now. "Better be sensible. You know how it is—"

Doris' scream was timed by the smack of Jim Green's fist against the jaw of the young man. Stunned, Vance Morgan staggered back. Jim was on him, then, taking every advantage of the effect of that first punch. Vance was powerful, but he was hurt. And Jim Green was powerful, too, for all his forty-seven years. He pinioned Vance's arms and said sharply to his daughter, "Give me that rope!"

"Oh, Dad—"

"Give me that rope! Quick! Do you want somebody else killed?"

She handed him the coil of rope from the corner and watched him bind the arms and legs of the young man. He half dragged, half carried Vance downstairs and placed him in an ancient red wing chair. Doris stood looking down at him, her eyes dry. She said, "Oh, Vance . . ." and then again, "Oh, Vance . . ."

Jim Green sat opposite. Morgan fidgeted uneasily, and then snapped, "Well, say it!"

"Nothin' to say, son. I'm just dawg-gone sorry, that's all."

"Like hell you are."

"Yeh, I'm sorry. I wish it had been someone else that caught you."

Jim Green rose heavily and walked to the ancient telephone in the hallway. His voice was steady, and infinitely weary: "That you, John? . . . Yeh, Jim Green talkin' . . . Uh-huh, I know you ain't got Vance . . . I've got him. . . . Keep your shirt on. . . . He's here—at my house . . . No, I ain't hurt . . . I'm bringin' him in . . . Oh! about an hour, I reckon . . . S'long."

Doris said tensely, "Suppose they storm the jail?"

THE sheriff's eyes were the color of agate. He said, "They won't have no luck tryin' that."

Vance was sullen and silent. Jim Green walked into the kitchen, and his daughter followed. They talked softly, so that Morgan could not hear. She said, "You've done your duty, Dad. But for my sake, and for Cal's—can't you give Vance one chance?"

"I don't quite understand, honey."

"If he were to escape . . ."

"Aw, now . . ."

"I mean it. He's smart. He knows the swamps. He could most likely get away. At least there'd be some hope."

"Hope of what?"

"Of him starting over. Somewhere else."

"And you?"

"I'd never follow him, Dad. I'll give you my word of honor on that."

Jim looked down at the floor. He knew how Doris was feeling inside, because he was feeling the same way. All torn up, kind of. He knew how the town was

feeling. He had had a pretty tranquil time since he'd been sheriff, but he recognized mob spirit when he encountered it. And he was afraid of what would happen that night. He almost knew.

He'd take Vance into town, and word would spread. Then things would start. Bud Beauregard had many blood relatives. And an awful lot of friends. There'd be a mob forming, and they'd march to the jail to get Vance. There'd be shooting. He and his deputies would kill somebody: two or three folks maybe, defending this worthless Vance Morgan. They'd kill their friends just to uphold the law and protect a worthless murderer. It was bad medicine any way you looked at it. So there was common sense in letting Vance get away—common sense and sentiment. He made his decision, and whispered it to Doris.

"I'll let him escape . . ." He put his hands over her lips to stifle an exclamation. "Not but what I don't think he ought to be strung up—and quick. And it's not on account of Cal, or even of you, honey. But because there'd be innocent blood shed if I took him in, and I ain't hankerin' for anything like that."

"Oh, Dad . . ."

"There's just one thing that's important, now that I've got your word you'll never see Vance again. It's this: he mustn't know he's goin' to be let escape. He's got to think he did it himself." The sheriff was grim. "If he escapes an' the goin' gets tough, I don't want him to think he's got a friend here. I want things fixed so that he'd never dare let me know where he was. You understand?"

She was too happy to argue.

"But how will you do it, Dad—so that Vance won't know?"

"I'll do it. I got it all figured out. This Vance, he's plumb bad, but he's a fast thinker. Don't you worry, honey."

SHE couldn't help worrying, of course. She saw the resentment that blazed from Vance's eyes. But now that she knew that he was to be allowed to escape she was glad that he was suffering.

Yes, it was much better that Vance should not know what was being planned for him. She could tell from the occasional twitching of his lips what was going on inside his brain. She knew that way down deep he was afraid. Well, she loved him, and that was all that counted.

The sheriff hauled Vance to his feet. He untied his arms and hands and tied the rope again. He untied the strands that held Vance's feet. He said nothing. He gave no slightest hint that he had retied the ropes loosely—so loosely that any smart and desperate person would discover—and fairly soon—that he could free himself.

Jim said, "Come on, Vance."

Vance stood looking down at Doris. It was goodbye, and she knew it—no matter what else she knew. She stood on tiptoe and offered her lips. Vance kissed her and turned away. She was standing motionless, hands at her sides, when Jim Green led Vance to the car.

They rolled along the shell road, and then bumped into the corduroy.

Jim did not speak, but he was not unobservant. He saw Vance Morgan fidgeting. The only problem now was to give him the opportunity. Vance would never know that the escape had been planned. He'd go away and never return. Doris would keep her word. Even if Vance got in touch with her, she would never join him.

They chugged along the desolate road.

Making sure that he was not observed, Jim Green reached out his left hand and





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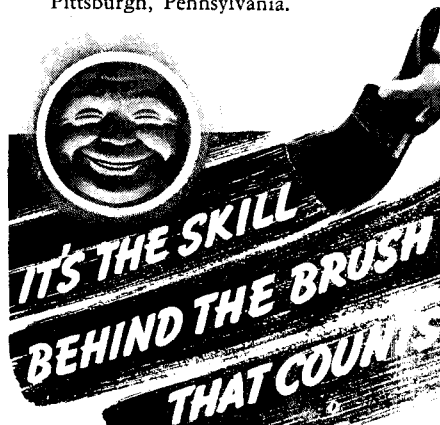
#### PROPER SURFACE PREPARATION

The Painting Contractor is a seasoned craftsman. Under his capable supervision, the work is done quickly and capably. Surfaces are properly prepared. Old paint is burned or scraped off. Cracks and crevices are filled. Porous surfaces are sealed. Brick, stucco and cement are waterproofed. Metals protected from rust. In short, he knows how to make the job stand up.

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Above all, he gives you honest value for your money, this Painting Contractor. That's why he invariably recommends quality paints. Experience has taught him they are always cheaper in the end. Consult him. You will get a job well done. Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, Paint Division, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.



snapped off the ignition switch. The motor coughed and stopped. Jim swore. "Damn' fool car busted again," he said and did not miss the sudden tenseness of the strong young figure of the worthless boy beside him.

Jim pretended to fuss around with the dashboard gadgets. The car did not respond. Still swearing softly, Jim Green stepped out of the car. Ostentatiously, he unbuckled his gun belt. He placed this on the spot where he had been sitting. That, too, was a message. He was saying, plain as in so many words, "You ain't got anything to worry about, Vance. Git free from those ropes, grab the gun and go. Me havin' no gun—I can't shoot at you." Yes, it was just the same as saying that. He knew Vance would understand.

Briefly the thought occurred to him that he was taking a risk. There was the danger that Vance might shoot him.

He walked to the front of the car and lifted the hood, pretending to putter around with the motor. He was tense and observant. He could see—without appearing to do so—that Vance Morgan was freeing himself.

Sheriff Jim Green of Karnak County—Jim Green, father of Doris—still had his back turned when Vance got free. His back was turned when Vance Morgan grabbed the gun out of the holster. . . .

Ten o'clock. Ten-thirty. Eleven. Doris tore her eyes away from the blackness of the swamp. The venerable cook came

out on the porch and touched the girl's arm. She said, "You sho' better come inside, Miss Doris. Pow'ful heap of malaria buzzin' roun' out heah."

"I know . . ." Doris followed the Negro woman inside.

"Coffee, chile?"

"No, thanks. Nothing."

"Ise pow'ful sorry, Miss Doris. I sho' is. You gwine git some sleep?"

"I'll try."

She was alone, then: waiting, straining ears to hear what could not be heard, and eyes to see what could not be seen.

**SHE** must have dozed, because suddenly she found herself standing erect and tense without knowing how or why. Then her ears, attuned to the hum of the swamp, heard slow, heavy crunching steps on the shell road. She pressed the back of her hand against her lips.

The footsteps crossed the porch. She remembered now that she hadn't heard the car. The door opened, and Sheriff Jim Green entered.

His face was gray and haggard. Her eyes flashed a question and Jim Green answered.

"I loosened Vance's ropes so he could get free," he said dully. "I left my gun on the seat beside him, so he'd know I couldn't shoot him. Things were all set for him to get away."

"And then . . ." Jim Green spread his hands in a helpless gesture. "I reckon he must have figured he didn't have a chance. He picked up my gun and killed himself."

## Not a Clean Sweep

Continued from page 17

uzgel—Subagents complain of nonreceipt of books. When were these sent? uzgho—uzgip—uzgmu—Supply of . . . already dispatched.

uzgow—Books for next event should reach you about . . .

I signed it Fred McDonald, sensing all of a sudden that the reason I had been given that name was that if the cops ever arrived simultaneously with the messenger, or the mailman, I could pretty well deny I was the fellow the tickets were addressed to.

Two nights later, when I came in, the elevator boy handed me a package. A Western Union boy had delivered it while I was out. There were 250 books of tickets in the package, no more, no less. And not the faintest suggestion of where they had come from. I had cabled 4,000 miles to contact a wholesaler who couldn't have been stationed much more than 4,000 yards from me. I've never seen my wholesaler, or spoken to him, or ever expect to.

#### Running the Blockade

The greatest boon to my business is that the average buyer of a Sweep ticket has little curiosity and apparently no resentment about the way his \$2.50 is treated after he surrenders it. And if you don't think this is eccentric you should consider that Americans buy \$100,000,000 worth of good and bad Irish Sweep tickets every year.

Provided of course your ticket is the real thing, the man who sells it to you takes a commission of 42 cents. In time the distributor who supplies the agent with the ticket gets 21 cents, and the wholesaler who supplies the distributor gets another 21 cents, reducing your \$2.50 to \$1.66. About fifty more cents are taken out at the Dublin office for "expenses," a word that covers a multitude of abuses

Out of the remaining dollar, give or take a few cents, now comes the twenty-five per cent cut given to the fifty-two beneficiary Irish hospitals in Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Galway, Louth, Donegal, Kildare, Wicklow and Westmeath—a flood of quarters that through the years has amounted to \$57,500,000.

So by the time your \$2.50 is ready to go into the winners' pool it has shriveled to about 75 cents.

And there it remains, to suffer no more shrinkage until the governments of the world, notably ours, begin to demand their tax cuts from the winners.

Your ticket has other ups and downs, too. If it's genuine it was printed in Ireland and stitched to a cover that is watermarked:

*Swift Brook Ltd. Irish Paper*  
\$1,000 reward conviction imitators.

Counterfeiters have even duplicated that watermark, but the real McCoy will stand boiling in three parts water and one part common household soda, where the counterfeit watermarks won't.

If it was one of a shipment, your ticket may have come to America wrapped in huge rolls of cloth, or in barrels labeled Irish whisky, or in the magically ignored trunks of visiting Irish "tourists." Millions of its brother tickets were caught by Customs and Post Office men; so many, in fact, that the trust never counts on more than a third of its enormous shippings getting inside the United States, or more than thirty per cent of these being sold. Three months before the Sweep on a recent English Derby, the entire main shipment of American tickets was confiscated by New York Customs men. But it took the trust only three weeks to mend that catastrophe. In that short space of time it printed millions of new tickets, arranged for their concealment in dozens of ships, and smuggled the main chunk of them in by way of Buffalo—to the surprise not only of this country but also of Canada,



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For more than eighty years, Pittsburgh Paints have been featured by leading paint stores throughout the country. Dealers have confidence in these fine finishes. Know that they produce smooth work of durable beauty and lasting satisfaction. They dry quickly. Flow easily and evenly from the brush, leaving no ugly brush marks. And the colors are anchored for permanence. Rigid laboratory tests—and actual exposure tests in our Paint Proving Grounds—assure their absolute uniformity and durability.

#### ONE-DAY PAINTING

Painting Contractors know that they can always depend upon Wallhide, Florhide, Waterspar Enamel and Varnish. With these quick-drying finishes, any room in your home can be redecorated in a single day—a great saving and convenience to you.

So when you think of painting, remember to specify Pittsburgh Paints. Consult your nearest Pittsburgh dealer about color schemes. He can recommend a reliable Painting Contractor if you wish. Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, Paint Division, Pittsburgh, Pa.





whose antilottery laws are as stiff as ours.

Once a shipment of tickets successfully runs the blockade, and is sold, the headaches of the Sweep employees and Uncle Sam begin all over. We've got to get our stubs and money to the Dublin headquarters, government or no government.

The trust arranges for hundreds of addresses in Ireland, by paying private citizens to let them use their houses as remittance depots, as was my original West One Beach, in Cobh. That spreads the flow of outgoing mail to Ireland, and the trust changes the addresses often enough so that there are few seizures, compared with the heavy beating the tickets take when they come into this country. There is never any trouble about sending the money. I've been sending my drafts of late to any of a dozen Irish banks. The Post Office doesn't like to interfere with bank mail. I also supply ordinary blue blotters to those of my agents who send in their own remittances and stubs. Put a couple of blotters around Sweep tickets or stubs and not even the Post Office's new "Magic Eye"—a kind of X-ray device for peering through unopened mail—can fathom the contents.

As soon as your stub arrives at the "drop" in Ireland, it is mailed or carried to the main Sweep office in Dublin. And thereafter, until a few weeks after the Draw, it is guarded as if it were the shillelagh of Conn O'Neill. First it is subjected to considerable bookkeeping. Receipts are made off it for the owner and the seller, checked, double checked, and mailed back to America. A note is made of the perforated number on the stub, and credit is given to the wholesaler and the distributor who handled it. A complete duplicate is made of every bit of paper and every notation, and sent to another office building, where the filing system is so perfect that a cabled inquiry from any operative in the world can be answered within ten minutes.

### Ireland's Second Largest Industry

We try almost as hard to get the receipt into the hands of a buyer as we do the original ticket. The average American is as proud of his Sweep receipt as he is of his B. P. O. E. fang. The little sheet of paper is testimony that he has neatly hoodwinked the law.

Of course a receipt doesn't necessarily mean that your name will go into the big spinning tank, and that you bought the real thing. Counterfeiters can make receipts as well as tickets, and get them to you as easily. But assuming everything about your ticket is on the up and up, it still would be possible to win a prize even without a receipt—so long as you produced your ticket.

I say it would be "possible." The odds against your winning one of the dozen or so \$150,000 prizes on the impending Derby Sweep are at least 3,000,000 to 1. Ordinarily they'd be about 1,000,000 to 1, for the Sweep has gotten so large that it is divided into sometimes a dozen smaller sweeps, with a dozen first prizes of \$150,000, and so on. But with more than sixty per cent of the Sweep tickets completely worthless, the odds against your winning shoot up dizzily.

Out of 5,492,004 ticket buyers whose stubs somehow managed to get into the mixing vat on the last Sweep, in March, there were 5,490,230 losers. The operators announced that the "expense" of the Sweep amounted to 41.31 per cent of the gross income of \$13,730,010, or \$5,672,410. Out of this last figure came the generous gift to the hospitals.

If all this sounds as if you've invested your \$2.50 with a gang of mobsters, in your honest efforts to found a quick baronetcy, it might give you consolation to realize how very, very official the

Sweep is in Ireland. A Sweep ticket may be looked upon as a blood brother to opium by any self-respecting U. S. Customs man. But in Dublin it is the manna of national solvency. The Dublin executors of this fantastic traffic in the world's loose change enjoy considerably more homage than our native statesmen, and for a young Irish white-collar worker to get a job with the Sweep is a form of Utopia, such jobs paying as high as £6 a week, a very handsome wage for the Free State. The Sweep is now the second largest industry in Ireland, ranking just behind Guinness Stout.

Managing Director McGrath, who, if he ever set foot in America, would be liable for five years in prison and a \$1,000 fine for a criminal violation of the U. S. postal codes, is practically a cabinet officer in the Free State. He was appointed to his post by the Dail, after a career as Minister of Labor, of Industry, and of Commerce. The U. S. seizes even personal mail sent to him from this country.

The man is a story in himself. If he is not the father of the Sweep he can at least lay a strong claim to foster-parent-hood. One of the rugged individualists

petite. He'd drive miles off his selling course to visit a race meeting, and this trick eventually was both his undoing and his making.

His employer, looking at a newsreel of a race meeting, recognized Salesman Duggan fighting his way to a bookie's pad when he should have been busy at work in another county. Duggan was fired, and went to work as a bookie. And in time became Dublin's greatest.

### Spies and Muscle Men

At the request of friends of a needy hospital, he ran a small shilling lottery late in the '20's, and ran it so competently and honestly that the delighted hospital gave him high praise.

Duggan's lottery came to the attention of Sid and Spencer Freeman, two Brooklynites who had become financially interested in the ancient British betting firm of "Duggie"—and who had been toying with the thought of a popular lottery for years. The Freemans visioned a lottery that would profit by the mistakes every other sweep from the Calcutta to the pure racket sweeps had made.

They went to Ireland, and the seed of

U. S. mobsters who, driven out of one racket or another, have become Sweep men. The boys are smart enough to take their healthy percentages and commissions and leave well enough alone.

But it isn't the occasional thief who bothers the trust. It's the double menace of the U. S. government and a series of adept counterfeiters. Confiscating government men and counterfeiters cost the Irish Sweepstakes about a quarter of a billion dollars in paper profits each year. But the Sweep never stops battling the twin obstacles, what with inventing new ways of circumventing Uncle Sam, and wiping out the phony ticket printers.

Policing, promoting and publicizing the Sweep cost the operators fantastic sums of money, but since it is not their own they are fearless with it. The spies, muscle men and messengers within the United States are on straight salaries, and good ones. Millions, of course, are paid in commissions to the three grades of salesmen, and uncounted thousands in graft go mostly into the pockets of ship owners or officers who aid in the transit of the goods. Then there is the terrific overhead in Dublin, where the Sweep has purchased every known type of business office machine to facilitate the work of thousands of clerks, and where a 3,000-seat auditorium is being built out of Sweep funds as a site for future draws. Added to all this is the cost of advertising the Sweep, tremendous cable tolls, and the tab for bringing newspapermen from all over the world to Dublin, to bear witness at the Draw and write their heady pieces. And, least but not last, the cost of printing 90,000,000 books of tickets and receipt blanks a year.

### Our Paradoxical Uncle

It all comes under the heading of what the trust calls "expenses."

And so does the little melon the handful of chief operators is empowered to split among themselves each year, as their personal bonus. The percentage they take, to make up this melon, is on a sliding scale. Over the past five years it has averaged two and three-tenths per cent of the gross—or, roughly, \$1,000,000 a year.

And since the size of the melon depends entirely on how many tickets the trust can smuggle into the United States, where the bulk of all the Sweep's business is done, it's no wonder that it goes to heroic lengths to place its goods in the paws of the ever-obliging American sucker.

This, then, is the setup of the strange corporation that in the midst of its blockade running, criminal-like secrecy and philanthropies gives millions to hospitals—with the Robin Hoodish proviso that no poor patients be charged—and whimsically appropriates more money in one chunk, for the study of cancer, than the United States has spent on the disease this century.

But the firm itself is not the greatest paradox connected with the fight for and against the Sweep. That honor would seem to belong to Uncle Sam. He takes his cut coming and going. The more one of his bureaus falls down on its job, the more another bureau makes. He spends thousands of dollars elaborately tracking down Sweep operators, then literally slaps them on the wrist as punishment.

Let a ticket holder overcome the enormous odds and win anything, from a major prize of \$150,000 down to a consolation prize of \$500 to holders of stubs on scratched horses, and the income-tax man will be at the winner's home almost as quickly as the gold-mine salesman, the insurance man and the long-lost relatives.

If a single man, with no other income



of the Sinn Fein trouble, he was tossed into a concentration camp by the British. It helped him, for the Tommies ran their concentration camps along briskly military lines, forcing the prisoners to drill each day, and, in reality, teaching them how to fight against the British as soon as they got out.

Under his camp's promotion system, McGrath quickly rose to the rank of commanding officer, within the prisoner ranks. When he was released he was a full-blown military strategist, and soon was recognized as one of the top patriots in the fight for home rule. He bears a British bayonet wound.

McGrath interested himself in the electrification of the River Shannon after the Irish Civil War, and from that rose quickly in politics until he had held three cabinet posts. It was his political power, his stanch reputation and his rousing support that made the Sweep legal in Ireland, and it is his firm hand that still guides the destiny of the bizarre business today.

But McGrath was not the first on the Sweep scene. That honor, if it is one, belonged to the late Dick Duggan. Duggan was an impoverished horse player who never could make enough money out of his job as a roving salesman of office supplies to satisfy his betting ap-

the biggest lottery in history was fertilized.

The Sweep became law under the Public Hospitals Act of 1933. Fronting for the actual operators is a board of trustees, sometimes active, composed of the Rt. Hon. Earl of Fingall, the Rt. Hon. Lord Holmpatrick, the Rt. Hon. T. K. Laidlaw, P. C., Henry Monahan, Esq., B. L., and Edmond McGrath.

McGrath and the trustees have the tough job of policing the game, a job that would discourage Job. To cut down on the agents' temptations to keep the money they collect from the customers the trustees have posted good cash prizes for salesmen who sell winning tickets. Five thousand dollars goes to the agent who sells a ticket to the winner of a \$150,000 prize, \$3,750 to the one who sells a ticket on the second horse and \$1,250 to the seller of a third-horse ticket.

As a further measure, the U. S. wholesalers operate a loose-knit spy system that checks on crooked or tardy distributors and agents, gives them one warning, and then sees they get no more Sweep tickets to sell. Irish societies and clubs in America keep an eye peeled for the breakers of the law of this law-breaking game.

The trust has little or no trouble with



and no dependents, wins one of the top prizes (about six of these are won by Americans in each of the three annual Irish Sweeps) the Bureau of Internal Revenue takes a tax of 42.9 per cent, or \$64,368. The tax on the \$75,000 winnings of the holder of a ticket on the second horse amounts to \$19,528, and the tax on the third-horse prize of \$50,000 is \$9,378. And so on, down the line, with many of the states also claiming their share of the illegally gained booty. New York takes as much as eight per cent.

If you balk at the prospect of paying over so much money to the government that also can punish a lottery ticket seller with a \$5,000 fine and a year in jail, the government can add an evasion tax of fifty per cent plus interest on the full amount during the period of delinquency. And if you still balk, the Intelligence Unit of the Bureau can take you to court and, if proven guilty, you can be fined \$10,000 and put away in cold storage for as long as Al Capone.

But it doesn't keep the winners from trying to keep their winnings. Many have gone to Ireland to pick up their purse at Headquarters, there being no tax on Sweep winnings in the Free State. But they must pay up when they return. Future winners will find it exceedingly hard to get out of the country. The State Department is now being supplied with a list of U. S. Sweep winners, and is empowered to turn down their passport applications if it suspects they are going abroad to collect in the hope of dodging the tax.

The hypocrisy of this making money because of the failure to keep Sweep tickets out of the country is perhaps best exemplified by the two New York banks who act as agents of the trust and cash ninety per cent of all the winning tickets in America. They charge well for their services, then turn over a list of the names and addresses of the winners to J. O. Burnham, head of the Internal Revenue's record division. And one of the banks respectfully requests Burnham to subpoena its list!

### Three Times a Year

But the government's role in the Sweep business is a many-faceted paradox. Three years ago, at this time, the New York Customs Office seized a huge bundle labeled "Rags made in Belgium, shipped from Antwerp." The bundle was disemboweled at the U. S. Appraisers Store and out popped 50,000 Sweep books meant to be sold for \$1,500,000.

They were addressed to one Sam Barra, whose truck driver eventually showed up and demanded his "rags." The driver was arrested, then released. A warrant was sworn out for Barra, and though he made no particular effort to duck, he was never arrested.

Not long before the Grand National Sweep of 1936, government men swooped down on the office of a Baltimore insurance man and seized \$100,000 worth of tickets, amid the insurance man's hoarse shouts of innocence and his girl secretary's tears. The couple broke under questioning and admitted they were the principal distributors for Baltimore.

The United States attorney refused to prosecute because "the pair was engaged in Sweep activities when such violations were quite common. Neither is of the criminal type. The woman is a widow and the mother of two children. She is not able to make fine distinctions of moral and legal proprieties. She is extremely penitent. The man has a good record as a legitimate businessman and is sincere in his desire to abandon the Sweepstakes business."

The case is typical. The Post Office could get only 54 convictions out of its 1,164 investigations last year. And only a comparative few of the 54 were Irish

Sweep men. Customs men seized tickets with a face value of \$821,500 off the British freighter Toronto City, last February at Portland, Maine. It was a notable haul, but the Customs men finished their coup by declaring that Irish Sweep tickets were "commercially worthless" in America, placed a minor officer of the ship under arrest and fined him \$600—which the Customs officers estimated was the cost of printing the tickets!

So three times a year, before the Grand National, the Derby and the Cesarewitch, the trust must devise new methods of breaking the smuggling laws of a friendly country. And each time, with a kind of mathematical fixation, the Customs and Post-Office men intercept nearly two thirds of the tidal wave of tickets.

### From White House to Hovel

Each big seizure makes the front pages, with stories almost as prominently played up as the stories on the day of the Draw or the day of the race. With the possible exception of baseball, no industry—legitimate or otherwise—gets half the sentimental reception American papers give the Sweep. Sweep stories are good circulation builders. And it's not the handful of winners that swells the circulations, but the uncountable millions who bought Sweep tickets—or something they hoped were tickets—and who want to see which particular fat Bronx housewife or broken-English janitor God or the promoters chose as the winners.

Post-Office officials, from Jim Farley down, have wagged their fingers at the press, and threatened to deny it the use of the mails if it didn't cut down on Sweep stories, but, with the same laxity that marks all dealings between the law and the Sweep, nothing is ever done to carry out the threat.

Three times a year the American press gets to talk to a genuine Sweep official. That is when Sid Freeman, acting ostensibly for "Duggie," comes to New York to offer to buy out the holders of tickets on potential winners. Freeman's most generous offer to date was the \$20,000 he agreed to pay for all U. S. tickets on Reynoldstown, the English Grand National favorite of 1936. The horse was a prohibitive favorite, but "Duggie" reminded the confused ticket holders that no favorite had ever won the race. The tickets, he also reminded them, would be worth only \$2,500 if the horse ran out of the money.

It seemed like a generous offer to at least half of the eight Americans who drew Reynoldstown. The horse won easily. Those who held their tickets collected \$150,000, minus the government's healthy slash.

Few who sell out to Freeman seem to understand that there is at least a sympathetic connection between "Duggie" and the Sweep, and that no matter how tempting the visitor's offer seems to be he is only making what is called a "rounded book." That is, he is gauging his bids so that, no matter who wins the race, "Duggie" will make money.

Few suspect either that in offering, we'll say, \$8,000 for a ticket that has a chance of winning \$150,000, "Duggie" at the same time is buying that ticket holder's chances for the \$75,000 second money and \$50,000 show money—as several howling sellers have found out, too late.

Sweep tickets on the coming English Derby were sold from coast to coast, in the White House and in the lowliest hut in the land. Serene senators and giggling shop girls are carrying them around today, dreaming absurdly of winning, and ready to try it again if they don't. United in the common daftness of taking the world's longest chance.

# 20% FASTER FREEZING! AT EVEN LOWER COST!



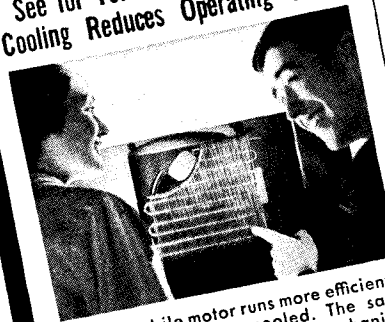
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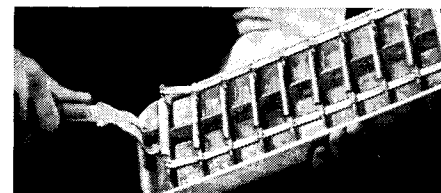
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# One More Party

**I**F THE brothers, Phil and Bob LaFollette, succeed now in launching a durable third party, they will but fulfill the dream of their father, old Bob.

The boys, Senator Robert and Governor Philip, among their other advantages, began where their old man left off. The present senator was his father's secretary fourteen years ago when the elder LaFollette strove at Cleveland to compound a Farmer-Labor party from the materials then at hand.

The year 1924 turned out to be a poor one for third parties. Calvin Coolidge, the Vermont Yankee, had then captured the people's fancy. So, despite the aid of strong labor leaders and the heads of agricultural organizations and the almost five million votes cast for him at the election, Robert M. LaFollette, Sr., saw his third party melt away in the warm sun of Coolidge prosperity.

Governor Philip LaFollette has been assembling in Wisconsin representatives of the same groups who acknowledged his father as their leader. Philip LaFollette is now forty-one and his brother, the present Senator LaFollette, is two years older. They work as a political team. Both are highly competent politicians, as their repeated elections to office testify. The willingness of the Wisconsin voters to make one brother governor and the other senior senator is an unparalleled phenomenon in the United States.

When Robert M. LaFollette, Sr., was candidate for the presidency, John W. Davis was the Democratic candidate. The Democratic party, split by the bitter fight between William G. McAdoo and Alfred E. Smith, was in one of its conservative moods. The Democrats did not make much of a showing that year.

Now the Republicans are as weak as the Democrats were after the 1924 election. The Democrats, moreover, have stolen much of the early LaFollette thunder. The fourteen points written into the LaFollette Progressive platform in 1924, to a great extent have been written into New Deal legislation.

Fourteen years ago LaFollette Progressives promised to use federal power to crush monopoly, to create a public superpower system, to promote public works in times of depression, to tax excess profits and undistributed surpluses of corporations and to guarantee farmers and industrial workers the right to organize and to bargain collectively. Public ownership of the railroads was also favored and promises to improve farm prices were made.

It would be difficult to show any important differences between this third-party program and the actual legislation enacted during recent years. The point at which the LaFollette brothers began to differ from President Roosevelt seems to have centered around the timing of the President's spending program. The LaFollettes wanted to start public spending before the President considered it necessary.

A third party will have to find a broader foundation than this if it is to make a successful bid for the favor of American voters. Actu-



ally, during the past five years the LaFollette party has been an active ally of the New Deal Administration. President Roosevelt, however, is midway through his second term. Unless the tradition against third presidential terms is abandoned, the Democratic candidate in 1940 will not be named Roosevelt. So the New Dealers both in- and outside the Democratic party are striving for favorable positions to capture the prize of leadership.

In the Democratic party the temper of the leaders is becoming more conservative. The Democrats are looking with increasing favor on safe candidates such as Senator Bennett Champ Clark of Missouri, who has managed not to offend either radicals or conservatives.

The LaFollettes are far to the left of the conservative Democrats. A third party brought together by Philip LaFollette's bugle would be emotionally opposed to conservative Democrats but the third-party boys and girls will have trouble finding platform principles that sharply distinguish them from the older parties. The return of prosperity has generally melted third-party hopes. In bad times voters want jobs and relief. The party most lavish and convincing in its promises gets the votes. These party differences are measured in degrees of generosity and not by principles. The promise of public bounty, which seemed inviting when times were hard, is much less important when a man has a job at good wages.

So Governor LaFollette's third-party plans depend very largely upon the course of business. If business actively increases past the election, the third-party incorporators will find lean pickings. If times are hard, they will find their political outlook more inviting. Other

politicians are also trying to round up the third-party elements. Fiorello LaGuardia, who was elected mayor of New York as the candidate of the American Labor party and of the Republicans, has been carrying his banner through the Southwestern cow country. Mayor LaGuardia might be an ally or a rival for the third-party leadership.

There are Farmer-Labor parties in several states, notably in Minnesota. Any leader persuasive enough to assemble under one management all of these divergent elements would have the radical nucleus of a considerable party. Before such a party could hope to win a presidential election it would, however, have to win millions of voters from one or both of the old parties.

As matters now stand in some states, the liberal-radical group is an ally of the Democrats. In other states, as in New York City, the radical party worked with the Republicans. The scene shifts rapidly and now neither Republicans nor Democrats can count definitely upon an alliance with the third party in the 1940 national campaign. But, experienced and agile as they are, Philip LaFollette and Fiorello LaGuardia will need a lot of luck if they are to fashion a third party that will push either the Republican or Democratic party into third place by 1940. The most such practical politicians can expect is a favorable trade with one of the two old parties. In their respective regions both Governor LaFollette and Mayor LaGuardia have hitherto done very well by this procedure. But a wholly new LaFollette-LaGuardia party would be so vulnerable to the comedians. Think of the fun the boys would have playing with a La-La party.





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# Henry Picard

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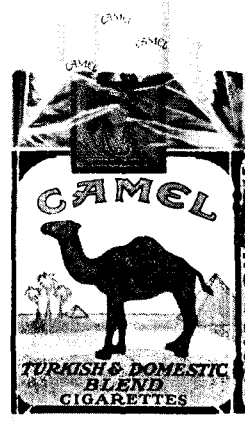
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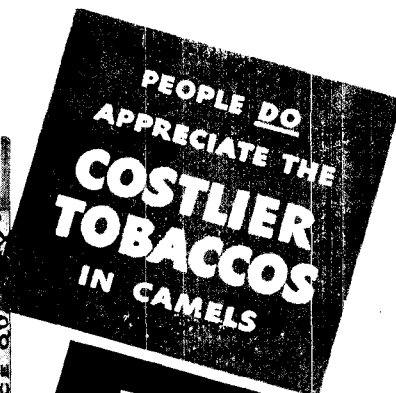


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